OUR FREE BOMB INSURANCE. SEE PAGE ELEVEN.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVII. No. 441 | SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1914. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

960882

For meaning of this No. see page ii. of cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the World.

"ZEPPELIN" PERIL COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL Enemy Aircraft).

Name of Insured .....

Address .....

.....

Age next Birthday.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the United Kingdom by Enemy Aircraft, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name .....

Address .....

.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age—by their parents or legal guardians, and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, November 18th, and all other parts of the United Kingdom till 8 a.m. Thursday, November 19th.

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

17, BILLITER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER ?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims :—

P. CHANDLER, Kimbolton, Leominster, Herefordshire. 339,469. Oct. 24th.
R. HAMMOND, 63, Howard Terrace, Clydach Valley, Rhondda Valley, Glam. 0?3,654. Oc . 24th.
J. SANDERS, "Lulworth" Ashford, Middlesex. 782,118. Oct. 17th.
W. BUTTERWORTH, 54, Hamer Lane, Rochdale. 139,253. Oct. 10th.
Mrs. PHILLIPS, 31, John Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. 274,588. Oct. 17th.
F. GRIFFIN, 80, Falkland Road, Hornsey, N. 242,674. Oct. 17th.
H. McKERNIE, 17, Baxter Street, Dundee. 196,839. Oct. 17th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of November 7th:—

000689	232858	409717	721647	923313
010867	236738	417610	731695	943990
021496	239376	428602	756067	952413
043549	246403	479097	783084	961732
077167	252707	510753	820046	989720
103162	260589	543119	835617	993611
140539	270275	560571	841351	998433
152511	293203	582930	853783	A009742
176453	314983	617610	879210	A016738
184531	364296	674697	899761	A054669

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.
The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published November 18th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," London, W.C. November 14 1914.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

FIRST READ THIS.
If you predict the "Home" Team will win put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Nov. 28th.

HOME.	AWAY.	DRAW.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Liverpool	v.	Aston Villa
			Bradford	v.	Sheffield U.
			Oldham A.	v.	Middlesbro'
			Manchester U.	v.	Newcastle U.
			Blackburn R.	v.	Burnley
			Notts C.	v.	Bradford C.
			W. Bromwich A.	v.	Manchester C.
			Fulham	v.	Barnsley
			Leeds C.	v.	Preston N. E.
			Clapton O.	v.	Bury
			Arsenal	v.	Bristol C.
			Derby C.	v.	Huddersfield T.
			Lincoln C.	v.	Grimsby T.
			Southend U.	v.	Swindon T.
			Queen's Park R.	v.	Portsmouth
			Bristol R.	v.	Exeter C.
			Croydon C.	v.	Cardiff C.
			Reading	v.	Brighton & H. A.
			Watford	v.	West Ham
			Plymouth A.	v.	Crystal Palace

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed .....

7 *Address* .....

.....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Contest, No. 7, and post to reach us not later than Friday, November 27th.

3. The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the *Sporting Life*, of all the matches given played to a finish on November 28th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £100 will be paid to the Competitor sending in the most correct Forecasts whatever the number; and £25 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from *Mary Bull*. If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,000, or the £100, the *Mary Bull* prize will be awarded to the sender of the next most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1,000, the £100 as well as the special £25 mauve coupon Prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

8. Scottish readers may enter.

THE CLOSING DATE IS FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Liverpool v. Aston Villa
			Bradford v. Sheffield U.
			Oldham A. v. Middlesbrough
			Manchester U. v. Newcastle
			Blackburn R. v. Burnley
			Notts C. v. Bradford C.
			W. Brom. A. v. Manch ster C.
			Fulham v. Barnsley
			Leeds C. v. Preston N. E.
			Clapton O. v. Bury

H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Arsenal v. Bristol C.
			Derby C. v. Huddersfield T.
			Lincoln C. v. Grimsby T.
			Southend U. v. Swindon T.
			Queen's P. R. v. Portsmouth
			Bristol R. v. Exeter C.
			Croydon C. v. Cardiff C.
			Reading v. Brighton & H. A.
			Watford v. West Ham
			Plymouth A. v. Crystal P.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVII. No. 441. Week ending Saturday, November 14th. 1914. One Penny.

SECOND EDITION NOW READY

A STUPENDOUS SUCCESS!

The "JOHN BULL" Portfolio of

WAR CELEBRITIES.

16 SUPERB PORTRAITS, 1/- NET.

Size 8½ by 11. Mounted for Framing.

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTALLS.

Post Free 1/2 from JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull" for NOV. 7th, 1914, bearing on its Cover the Number **015,858.**

Apply THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Brunner, Mond & Co.

We deeply regret having done this firm an injustice by referring to it as a German concern. It was a most unfortunate editorial slip, and we desire to tender to Sir John Brunner and Sir Alfred Mond an unqualified and sincere apology. We regret the error more because, as a matter of fact, both of these gentlemen have, in the hour of our national trial, put their political views on one side and thrown themselves heartily into the work of recruiting (upwards of five hundred of their own men, we believe, having already joined the Colours) and of assisting the sufferers—subscribing liberally to the Prince of Wales' Fund and also providing for a large number of refugees. We can only say that we are sincerely sorry for any annoyance we may have caused our old friends and colleagues in the House of Commons—and it would serve no good purpose, nor in any way mitigate the unfortunate occurrence, to explain how it came to pass.

The Recruiting Bungle.

When the "Parliamentary Recruiting Committee" was formed, we wrote to the Prime Minister offering our services as honorary secretary, and warning him of the danger of the thing being bungled by the Party politicians. He thanked us—and passed our letter on!

The Bomb Peril.

You don't feel so frightened now, do you? By just filling up the coupon on page ii of our cover (see announcement on page 11) you are all right, whatever happens.

A Word with the Pension Committees.

In view of the general distress occasioned by the war, could not the various Pension Committees take steps in good time to see that the Old Age Pensions payable on Monday, December 28th next, are distributed on Thursday, the 24th—Christmas Eve—and thus confer a boon upon the old people, many of whom will otherwise have to go without their Christmas dinner?

The Spy Peril.

Much remains to be done in this matter. And here is one of the first things needed. At present, under the Defence of the Realm Act, the police cannot detain and intern, pending deportation, a suspected German spy *if he is a naturalised British subject*—which is absurd, most of the cleverest spies having, as part of their scheme, pretended to abandon their own nationality. Come, Mr. McKenna, a one-clause Bill, when Parliament meets, will put that right.

"Lapsed Accounts."

Every time the affairs of a bank come under the searchlight of publicity, we obtain further evidence of the need for our Dormant Balances Bill. Even the National Penny Bank had £15,000 of unclaimed money in its hands—and such is the morality of the official view that the founder of the institution was actually voted a sum of money by way of his share of the "swag." Just reflect—unclaimed and forgotten savings of the thrifty poor! And yet nobody moves in the matter.

"Pumpuritan Mugwumps."

Apropos of our remarks on the rummy rumpus of Mr. Leif Jones and a varied crowd of catastrophic caterwaulers of the clear-water school of military moralists, over the medicinal supplies of rum to our soldiers at the front, the *Medical Times* gives us an approving slap on the back. Then it affectionately calls us "level-headed and outspoken," says our views are "the quintessence of commonsense," and thanks us for "inventing that appropriate descriptive appellation—'pumpuritan mugwumps.'" Again, we blush.

"Bullet" Teas.

These are now becoming fashionable—and are certainly an improvement upon the old mothers' meetings. You just ask a few friends to tea, and, under the exhilarating influence of the leaf, pass round a few "Bullet" coupons (see page 28), and after discussion each guest fills in her "bullet." The coupons are then collected and pinned together and forwarded to us with the necessary postal order, purchased from a joint fund—and whoever gets the first or any other cash prize divides it with the rest of the company. See?

Off the Roll of Honour.

It is noteworthy that by a unanimous vote the members of the Institute of Civil Engineers have erased the name of the Kaiser from their honorary roll. However they came to mistake the man for a civil engineer we do not know. By trade he is a butcher.

OUR Zeppelin Insurance is ABSOLUTELY FREE. See page 11.

A Grim Reckoning.

The sickening tale of German atrocities extends with cogency enough to convince the most sceptical. To doubt even the worst horror is to brand our own soldiers as authors of the foulest slander. A private in the Durham Light Infantry, now invalided home, landed in France when the German retreat from the Marne began, and marched with his regiment through villages which the Huns had hastily evacuated. In one, he saw "something" in a cottage window, looking like a "grotesque ornament." It was actually "a real baby, naked and dead, and perhaps six or eight months old, stuck on a bayonet at the end of a German rifle." The honest fellow can find no words to describe his horror. "Some of our fellows swore terrible oaths," he says, "and they looked like fiends when we continued our march." We echo those holy curses. For these abominations there must be reprisals, not in kind, but according to the utmost severity of our own code. In the end the clean-handed vengeance of Britain shall prove more "frightful" than all the bloody debaucheries of the Berlin slaughtermen.

Kur Hardie Again.

Kur Hardie, however, is attempting to induce his dupes to believe that the Germans are conducting the war in the most humane manner, and that the horrible outrages and mutilations perpetrated by the Kaiser's army, and proved to demonstration by the evidence of such eye-witnesses, and the report of the Belgian Committee of Inquiry, are sheer inventions of lying English pressmen. He writes as follows in the *Merthyr Tydfil Pioneer*:—

> It is now becoming clear that the Belgian exodus was largely based on fear, created mainly by the highly imaginative and thoroughly unscrupulous inventions of a school of pressmen. So far as I am aware, not a single case has yet been produced of either man, woman, or child having been mutilated by the Germans.

We have not heard that there has lately been an increase in the price of tar and feathers.

The Trade War.

Our South African compatriots have hit upon a happy scheme for the furtherance of the Imperial cause and the encouragement of British industry. A "Consumers' Alliance" has been formed "to enable the man-in-the-street to distinguish between the firms of friendly and of hostile races," and to invite his "co-operation in the capture of German and Austrian trade." The project may well have been suggested by reference to the too elastic provisions of our own Trading with the Enemy Act, and the successive Proclamations which have served to confound its confusion. A voluntary intelligence department of the kind proposed should be of immense value to the loyal inhabitants of the Dominion, and we wish its enterprising promoters every success in their patriotic endeavour to exclude enemy goods from their markets.

The Work Not Ended.

Having looked after the Germhun waiter, the Germhun barber, the Germhun baker, and others of that ilk, it is about time we turned our attention to the Germhun financier. The Germhun spy peril is just as real and menacing at the top as at the bottom—perhaps more so. It may be that there are Germhuns domiciled in this country who wear the white flower of a blameless life, men who obtained their knighthoods for merits unperceived and services obscure. What about these men? How do they stand in the rounding up? Do they come under a favoured treatment clause, or do the Government hesitate to hurt their feelings as supporters of their policy and benefactors of their party?

How Not to Do It.

At the outset of the war boot manufacturers hurriedly prepared for Army orders, but with the lapse of weeks no War Office commands came, plant and materials remaining idle. As new patterns and additional machinery had been procured, there was natural disappointment, but the situation was shortly relieved by an inrush of orders from the French military authorities, whose requirements exceeded the capacity of their own factories. It is said that at the present moment Northampton is making twice as many boots for French soldiers as for our own troops, to say nothing of the orders of mysterious "agents" who are scouring the country for military footwear. By-and-bye, when the full extent of British requirements becomes known, the manufacturers will be compelled to buy hurriedly on a rapidly rising market, and inflated prices will be the order of the day. Lord Kitchener should give this matter his personal attention.

More Canteen Scandals.

Should Lord Kitchener remain at the War Office at the conclusion of peace, he may be relied upon to make short work of the wretched canteen system which has proved such a fruitful source of corruption and scandal. It is amazing that the Government should so long have permitted the supply of food and drink to the troops to remain in the hands of private contractors, and it is with more disgust than surprise that we learn that soldiers now in camp are being robbed right and left by the profit-mongering tenants of the canteens. Overcharges to the amount of 500 per cent. have, in some instances, been reported, while such items as sixpence for a small bottle of Bass, a halfpenny for a single box of safety matches, and ninepence for a tin of sardines usually retailed at fivepence, afford some idea of the general level of extortion. If the War Office has no power to check these abuses, the authority of Parliament should be obtained.

Rogues at Large.

At the recent Assizes at Norwich three men were put on trial in respect of the Norfolk Remount Scandal which we were instrumental in exposing. Upon the advice of their counsel, they pleaded guilty of "conspiring by false pretences" in the matter of Government horse purchases, and were "bound over to be of good behaviour and to come up for judgment if called upon." This course may appear absurdly lenient, but it was clear from the evidence that, as we formerly suggested, the police had vamped up a trivial case to placate public opinion, while allowing the principal offenders to go scot free. In exercising his prerogative of mercy, it is possible that Mr. Justice Lawrence may have had something of this sort in mind, and we trust his Lordship may see fit to communicate with the Public Prosecutor with a view to the attainment of completer justice.

Help the Belgians.

We must show brave little Belgium what we think of her and her gallant stand against the German troops. The *Daily Telegraph* has led the way by opening a Shilling Fund, the proceeds of which are being handed over to King Albert to use at his own discretion for the benefit of his people. We like the idea of making the gift a personal one, for more than anyone else the Belgian King typifies in his own person the unconquerable spirit of the nation. It will be an eternal shame upon us, who owe a large measure of our safety to the gallantry of Belgium, if the shillings do not continue to roll in in thousands to make the Fund a gift worthy of our great and wealthy nation.

We insure YOU, your CHILDREN and your HOME FREE. **See page 11.**

Treasonable Trade.

The Admiralty authorities can scarcely be blind to the immense advantage derived by Germany from the importation of foodstuffs and other sinews of war through the neutral ports of Holland. In some respects the matter is a delicate one, but there should be short shrift for any British merchant engaging in business of this character. A correspondent of a leading Northern newspaper declares that a vessel recently held up by a warship was found to be "a British owned and chartered ship, surreptitiously conveying foodstuffs to Germany through cover of a neutral port," and he goes on to say that "Germany to-day is in regular receipt of British foodstuffs, shipped from British ports, mainly to Stettin, needless to say, not direct." These are grave charges, and we hope that the evidence upon which they are based has been placed at the disposal of the Government. Offences of this nature should be visited with the severest penalties prescribed by the Trading with the Enemy Act.

Flouting the Congregation.

One of the characteristics of the "Church as by law Established" is that the Bishop is an autocratic person, practically uncontrolled in his diocese. The Bishop of Newcastle—the Right Rev. Norman Straton, D.D.—is a case in point. On the death of the Rev. W. L. Cunningham, Vicar of St. Augustine's at South Shields, there was so strong a feeling in the parish that the Rev. Mr. Michael, the Curate, should be appointed to the living that within a week a petition in his favour bearing 1,165 signatures was forwarded to the Bishop. The Curate has served the Church and the parish loyally. He has given ungrudgingly of the best that is in him. He is loved for his devotion and admired for his abilities, and yet the Bishop has swept aside the petition and appointed a stranger. And still, no doubt, his Lordship affects to wonder why the Church is fast losing its influence among the people.

Two Pictures.

A reader with an eye for contrast invites our attention to what he describes as a "crying shame." At Gorton recently, an Indian Mutiny veteran passed to his reward, and it was naturally expected that he would be buried with full military honours. It was announced, however, that, owing to the war, no gun-carriage was available, and in the exceptional circumstances now prevailing this was felt to be a reasonable excuse. The claim to a military funeral was quietly waived, but a few days later the friends of the dead man were pained to learn that, at Southsea, a German prisoner who had died of wounds had been buried with all the honours of war, the coffin being borne on a gun-carriage and accompanied by an escort of British troops. There may, of course, be a dozen official explanations of this painful incongruity, but such contrasts certainly leave a nasty taste in the mouth.

The Rush to Scotland.

Among the latest tit-bits of Germhun news is the Berlin announcement that "the inhabitants of London are leaving the capital for Scotland through fear of Germhun airships." Really, the Germhuns should not worry so much about the inhabitants of London; it is wear and tear of mind to no purpose. What they should do is to consider the future state of the disgruntled inhabitants of Berlin.

War Office Workers.

Is it a fact that the War Office has retained the services of a number of Consulting Doctors, some at salaries of £5,000 and others at £2,000? What are they for? Cannot the best advice be obtained, free of charge, from eminent and patriotic practitioners?

War and the Workers.

A Southport reader reminds us that the Brecon Justices recently fined a miner five shillings for buying a penny packet of cigarettes on a Sunday, and he is inclined to wonder whether "conditions can be more ridiculous in Germany than in Wales." Beneath this pensive query we discern a trace of the oft-repeated assertion that "the British worker has nothing to fight for," a fallacy with which we have already dealt pretty fully, and which has been time and again nailed to the counter by men whose title to speak for "labour" is beyond dispute. We are all of us apt to forget that the responsibility for these "ridiculous conditions" rests, in some degree, upon each individual elector who has failed to use his share of political power to the best advantage. Among other things, we are now fighting for the right to make what we like of our own country, and as soon as the grim business is over we will bend our efforts to the task of reconstruction. By the way, the ridiculous decision of the Brecon Magistrates has been quashed by the High Court.

A Dry Spot.

What on earth, or in the wells beneath it, is the matter with the water supply in the Durham districts of Weardale and Consett? Some time ago the Water Company announced a serious shortage, and the domestic supply has gradually dwindled down until at length the life-giving fluid is available for only one hour on alternate days. If this sort of thing goes on, all sorts of calamities may happen. We learn from an unimpeachable source that consternation is already rife in the local milk trade, while the teetotalers, finding it almost as cheap to buy beer, are experiencing a stress of temptation entirely foreign to their normal temperament. In these circumstances, we are in emphatic agreement with a correspondent that "something ought to be done," and we strongly urge the Company to give the matter their attention. Even in the face of larger perils, we feel quite nervous about it.

"13."

Extract from soldier's letter at the front addressed to a chum:—"We have now finished retiring, have turned about and commencing to attack. I belong to the 13th Brigade, and in number 13 Section. We sailed for France on the 13th August; the number of my regiment is 76th. If you will add these together you will see that it makes 13. Our interpreter belongs to the 13th French Infantry, and we were 13 days in Belgium. Send this bit to JOHN BULL." And the envelope actually bears the impress "Passed by Censor." If our friend manages to run the gauntlet with all these thirteens hanging round his neck, he must give us a call.

Der Kaiser Dreams.

Of all the dreams the Kaiser has dreamed in his time, that published to the Poles of Czestochowa takes the largest bun. It seems that one fine evening the Holy Virgin appeared unto him, gazed at him with tears in her eyes, and besought him to restore to Poland her saints, and annex her most cultured land to Germany. "Thus," he says in comment, "are God and the Holy Virgin with me." A dream of this kind is naturally most comforting to his Imperial Majesty; but how downhearted he will be when he wakes up.

Business.

From north, south, east and west we are receiving assurances that Business Government will result from the War. Meanwhile, it is the business of all of us to keep the Government to business during the War, which must be conducted on business lines if it is to carry us to a business end.

The Only Paper insuring Life, Limb and HOME. Particulars on page 11.

THE KING AND THE KAISER.

A RESPECTFUL PROTEST TO HIS MAJESTY.

Is it necessary for us to say that in all his realms his Majesty King George V. has no more loyal subject than ourselves, or that the institution of kingship has no more enthusiastic champion? From the day that we respectfully dedicated our first number to King Edward the Peacemaker—of ever glorious memory—right through the eight years and a quarter of our existence, it has been our proud policy to preach devotion to the King as the first duty of citizenship, and the first condition of stable and enlightened government. And we shall do so to the end. The throne is the magnet of mankind—drawing out all that is best within us, and giving us a common shrine for patriotic outlet and expression. The King, as we have so often said, is the hereditary President of the British Republic. He is Us. That is why, when we say "God Save the King," it is unnecessary to add "And God Save the People." God Save the King!

The Trials of Kinship.

Such being our view, we need not assure the public that if to-day we feel it incumbent upon us to address a word of respectful (we do not use the canting term "humble") protest to his Majesty, it is not that we love him less, but because we love our country even more. We are not unmindful of the ordeal of kinship through which his Majesty must be passing. There was a time when we believed that the family ties which united most of the reigning houses of Europe constituted the best possible guarantee for the peace of the world—but the Kaiser has shattered that idea. And now three monarchs, all closely allied in blood, and a score of princes, are at each other's throats—whilst life-long friendships, founded on family, have to be ruthlessly severed, and erstwhile welcome guests at the royal palaces find the doors slammed in their faces. It is all very distressing—*but it is war.* That is why Prince Louis of Battenberg has had to go; that is why close relations with the Schleswig-Holsteins and the rest have had to be suspended. But—it is war! And now to our immediate purpose.

The Kaiser Must "Go."

What about the Kaiser? We know that he is the cousin of the King, and we must recognise that, politically, he is head of the family, having automatically assumed that position on the death of Edward the Seventh. And we know that, as between him and our own Throne, there has always existed a bond of deep personal affection. All these things, of course, make the position of King George one of extreme painfulness and embarrassment, and we venture to tender his Majesty our respectful sympathy. *But we are at war with the Kaiser*, and, from what we have learnt of his methods and his aims, we loathe and detest him. We have named him the Butcher of Berlin—and that sums up the national view of him. Therefore every personal consideration as between him and our own Royal House must go by the board; there can be no niche left for the name of Wilhelm II. of Prussia in any British roll of Honour. The Kaiser must go. He has gone—at last—from the Navy List, although it took a long time to remove his name. Of course, after that dispatch of Sir Edward Goschen, British Ambassador in Berlin, to Sir Edward Grey, on August 8th, there should not have been an instant's delay in wiping out the insult and the dishonour of the Kaiser's continued association with our Fleet. Recall for a moment what had occurred. The British Embassy in Berlin had been attacked by a German mob, windows being broken and stones flung into the drawing room. Then it was the turn of the Kaiser, on whose behalf his aide-de-camp delivered to Sir Edward Goschen a message concluding in these terms: "His Majesty begs that you will tell the King that he has been proud of the titles of British Field Marshal and British Admiral, but that in consequence of what has occurred he must now at once divest himself of those titles." "I would add," commented Sir Edward Goschen, "that the above message lost none of its acerbity by the manner of its delivery." Thus did the Kaiser fling, by deputy, his honorary office of British Admiral in the face of the King; yet it was not until the other day that his name was permitted to vanish from our Navy List!

That was bad enough, in all conscience, but why is this bloody monarch (and his sons) still permitted to retain the title and honours appertaining to the "Most Noble Order of the Garter"—the oldest and most exalted Order of British Chivalry? We must speak plainly. This is not his Majesty's personal matter. The Order is the nation's as much as the King's, and the King is its head because he is King. It represents, at least in its early signification, the reward of exalted service not personal to the King, but to the nation—in battle with its enemies.

A Knight Without Chivalry.

There is no chivalry in this Knight. He is the antithesis of chivalry. He is the fiend of hell let loose on civilisation. He is the assassin of public liberties the wanton, unprovoked destroyer of nations, the ruthless incendiary of peaceful homes, the foul violator of women, the cowardly murderer of old men and little children, the ruffianly thief of public and private treasures. This monarch, on his crimsoned throne, has incited and encouraged his Huns in their crimes against civilisation and humanity. He has not spoken a word or held up a finger to stay their orgies of barbarism. The treacherous mine-laying, the false colours, the spurious Red Cross, the violated White Flag—is there in all the possibilities of war any outrage, any atrocity, any infamy which he has not influenced by his exhortation, or condoned by his silence? Still, to this moment, he is a member of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and with him the scions of his breed and creed. And their banners are flaunted in the Royal Chapel of St. George!

How long, O King, how long?

Why Is The Red Blood Flowing?

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Why is the red blood flowing—why do the women weep?
Why have our dear lost brothers gone to their long last sleep?
Come, comrade, come—consider; let's look things in the face;
This is more than a war, mate—it's a call to the human race.
Listen! don't you hear it—ringing through the land—
"Prepare and be ye ready—my Audit is at hand"!
How do YOUR *books, and mine, stand—are all the entries made?*
Anything unsettled—are all our just debts paid?
The Audit will be searching, and this will be the test—
What have WE *done for England—have* WE *given of our best?*
And when the Audit's finished, what are WE *going to do?*
And you, behind the counter—and You*—and* YOU*—and YOU?*

Shall we revive the old days—with all things as of yore?
Employer fighting workman; rich battling with the poor?
The Priest and Parson praying, whilst saints and sinners pay—
Prate Paradise To-morrow—with Hell on earth To-day?
Parties and sects still screeching, rending the air in twain;
The cold and hungry starving—pleading for food in vain?
Shall Lazarus mock Dives; shall Mammon challenge God?
Will you pursue the OLD *road—the road you always trod?*
Is THAT *why the blood is flowing—is* THAT *why the women weep?*
Is THAT *why our dear brothers now sleep their long last sleep?*
Come, answer; answer quickly—what are WE *going to do*
When once the Audit's over—and You*—and* YOU*—and YOU?*

Come, comrade, we must answer—and let our answer be—
*Why is the red blood flowing?—*TO CHASTEN YOU AND ME
Yes, comrade, THAT'S *the answer; so let us bow the head:*
God cheer the weeping women—God bless the silent dead.
And from this moment, comrade, we'll open a fresh page;
Record our resolution—the birth of this new age—
To make our aim and purpose—that too, will be the test—
To prove this world we live in, of all the worlds the best;
And justify our object, to put in highest place,
O'er all the Peoples of the Earth, the Anglo-Saxon race.
THAT, *when the Audit's over, is what* WE *mean to do—*
And YOU *must come and help us—and* You*—and* YOU*—and YOU!*

And when, the books all balanced, at last we hear our name,
We'll stand at the salute, mate, and boldly make this claim—
"We heard the Call, and answered, and, when it reached our ears,
We pulled ourselves together; we dried the women's tears;
We cheered the poor and lowly—held out a helping hand
To every fallen brother, to every troubled land;
Our Parties, Sects, and Discords, we threw them all away,
And on life's darkest alleys let in the light of day.
We fought like worthy foemen, on battlefield and flood,
And purified our spirit in seas of human blood."
AND NOW YOU KNOW, MY BROTHER, WHAT YOU AND I MUST DO—
SO LET US START TO DO IT—*and* You*—and* YOU*—and YOU!*

THE TREASON-MONGERS.

HOW THE BERLIN LIE FACTORY IS FED.

In our recent condemnation of Ramsay Macdonald and his unscrupulous allies, we laid stress upon the "impression of disunion" created by their tactics, which, in our judgment, might "easily be a factor making for the prolongation of the war—and difficulty in settling the terms of peace." We referred to their latest scheme for an Association to prevent "the humiliation of the defeated nation," and emphasised the mischievous consequences which might be expected to result from such an untimely outburst of pro-German sentiment. We regret to note that Mr. Charles Trevelyan, M.P., a former Minister of the Crown, has seen fit to associate himself with this pernicious propaganda, a fact which should be borne in mind should he again aspire to political preferment. The remaining confederates are Mr. Norman Angell, whose visionary speculations have been wholly discredited by the recent march of events; Mr. E. O. Morse, of Congo fame; and Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., whose manifold heresies have sorely strained the allegiance of his hard-headed constituents in the Stirling Burghs. In a manifesto lately scattered broadcast, the signatories have contrived to reveal the immense gulf which separates them from the general body of loyal citizens whom they seek to cajole into a premature discussion of the possible terms of peace. In the following extract from their letter the limit of effrontery is reached:—

> When the time is ripe for it, but not before the country is secure from danger, meetings will be organised and speakers provided. But the immediate need is in our opinion to prepare for the issue of books, pamphlets, and leaflets dealing with the course of recent policy and suggesting the lines of action for the future. Measures are being taken to prepare these at once, and they will be ready for publication when the proper opportunity occurs. For this purpose we shall be glad of any subscription which you can spare, and would like to know if you are willing to support us in this effort, in order that we may communicate with you as occasion arises.

We should be interested to see a list of subscriptions up-to-date, and we trust that the financial backers of the movement will enjoy all the publicity they deserve. We fancy that, without much assistance, we could furnish the Hon. Treasurer with a useful list of likely patrons. Meanwhile, we presume that this precious manifesto has been extensively circulated in America and other neutral countries, where it is eminently calculated to create a false and misleading impression. The very title of the new organisation, "The Union of Democratic Control" suggests a measure of popular support which, in point of fact, is conspicuously absent. This misconception will be helped, in no small measure, by the signature of an ex-Minister, which will doubtless impose upon many persons to whom the vapourings of an Angell or a Macdonald would make but a scant appeal. Artful prominence to their propaganda has been given in the columns of the German Press. Already the negligible faction is dignified by the *Vossische Zeitung* as the "new Radical Party of the Left." We commend this description to the notice of loyal Liberals. Our hostile contemporary proceeds:—

> Under the leadership of the former Minister of Education, Charles Trevelyan, who, together with his two Ministerial colleagues, Morley and Burns, protested against the declaration of war and left the Cabinet, a new party has been formed and has assumed the title "The Union of Democratic Control." The leadership of the new party is, apart from the gentlemen already mentioned, in the hands of the well-known Parliamentarian and supreme head of the Radical Party of the Left, Ramsay Macdonald, and the author of the famous book "The Great Illusion," Norman Angell.

The manifesto is then reproduced verbatim—a dignity which it has attained in no British newspaper—and the writer concludes:—

> Men of political weight have joined together to oppose the demands of their own Government, which strike at the heart of the present political system of England. We must wait and see whether the new political party succeeds in winning for its programme the whole extreme Radical group in English Liberalism.

Thus is material furnished for the Kaiser's lie factory. The flattering approval of the *Vossische Zeitung* is a fitting commentary upon the sorry scheme.

BABIES IN BLUE.

A WARNING TO TRADERS.

Where trading transactions are concerned, there is a strong case for an amendment of the law which permits persons under 21 years of age to plead "infancy" in defence to most actions-at-law. A Kentish Town reader supplied a quantity of goods to the order of a firm of butchers, trading as "A. and K. Lawrence (late W. Hustwick)," of Fortune's Well and Portland. The order was repeated and the delivery of the second consignment accelerated at the instance of the purchasers. Failing to obtain payment at the appointed time, the seller became a little uneasy, and finally, after repeated applications, he placed the matter in the hands of his solicitors. In reply to an application for immediate payment, the lawyers received the following cool epistle:—

> GENTLEMEN,—Received your letter asking payment of £4 15s. 8d. We have returned fifteen sacks which is 15s. less, and we are unable to pay at present, but will as soon as possible. Of course, if you like to issue a summons, we cannot help it. Neither of us is yet 21 years of age.—
> Yours truly,
> A. & K. LAWRENCE.

Had the seller known that the Lawrences were minors he would never have given them credit, and he was naturally annoyed at this cheeky communication. He has been advised, however, that in any action he might bring, the plea of infancy would be a perfectly valid defence. In these circumstances he has no option but to rely upon the honesty of the firm. The unreadiness of the debtors to discharge their liability cannot have been due to the war, for their letter to the lawyers was dated some days prior to the outbreak of hostilities. The position is a highly unsatisfactory one, and it is obviously right that the legal immunity of the youthful butchers should be a matter of public knowledge. We repeat that there is much to be said for a statutory enactment which would deprive traders of the right to plead infancy, or at least compel them to disclose their age before embarking upon credit transactions.

"IF YOU SEE IT——."

ANOTHER OF OUR REMARKABLE PROPHECIES.

In an article in JOHN BULL of November 5th, 1910, under the heading "The Truth About South Africa" we said:—

"....Now, as to the attitude of the Boers as a nation and of their leaders towards Great Britain. The town Boer is hard to draw, but the country Boer has no such reserve. He expresses his hatred of the 'mad rooineks' and his belief that the present condition of things is only temporary, and that in a third Boer war the British will be driven into the sea. He is waiting for the time when Great Britain shall be tied up in a Continental war or colonial crisis before making his move. Coming to the Boer leaders, we find that they are now playing the game of making loyal speeches and protestations, but we must remember that natures do not change, and the real aim of these leaders is easily shown if we look at speeches made by them, not during the war at a time of excitement, but after the declaration of peace. Speaking in 1903, General De Wet, the famous Boer leader, said, 'He was asked on the Continent whether the Boers might recover their country. He had replied 'Yes.' The Boers would behave so nicely that in the end the British will say "You are a good and brave people; take your country back."' ...

"In February, 1905, at a Boer meeting, General Beyers, after denouncing the British Government, said that 'if the temper of the Boers was strained too far there would be another Boer War.'

"Now these very same men are protesting loyalty and patriotism. Are we to—can we in human nature—believe that they have suddenly changed their opinions? Or is it all part of a great game of bluff? In any case the British public have the right to know the truth about the very mysterious and threatening situation at present facing South Africa."

And, at the time, our warning was unheeded!

Be wise! Fill in our Free Insurance Coupon EVERY week. See page 11.

"ENGLISH—QUITE ENGLISH."

'WARE GERMAN CARDS THIS COMING CHRISTMAS.

There are times when the Germans make us swear, and there are times when they make us laugh. Before us is a birthday card, copyrighted by Messrs. S. Hildesheimer and Co., Ltd., recently bought for dispatch to one of our soldiers at the front. On examining it carefully at home, the purchaser found on the stamp square the words "printed at our works in Germany." He returned to the shop and indignantly pointed this out—whereupon the man behind the counter explained that when he sold it he was under the impression that it was a British card, as the makers sent out on their invoices a slip stating "Ours is a British Company employing only British workers." This kind of thing is, we are afraid, rampant in the card trade, and buyers will do well to scrutinise very carefully the little "greetings" which they intend this Christmastime to send to their friends. The other day a selection of cards was purchased, produced by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd. On the back of them appeared, in letters so microscopic as to need for their deciphering either a magnifying glass or quite exceptionally good eyesight, the words "Designed in the Studios in England and printed at the Fine Art Works in Saxony"—a variation of the latter part of this inscription being "printed in Bavaria." Above these "marks of the beast" appeared the statement that the firm are "Publishers by appointment to their Majesties the King and Queen"! We think that the authorities should without delay take power—if they have not it already—to inflict severe penalties upon traders evading the intentions of the legislature by indicating in so obscure a manner the place of origin of goods manufactured abroad.

Another loophole through which German cards are being palmed off upon Britons is afforded by the unsatisfactory state of the law as regards the selling of bundles of cards. We have in front of us a packet of a dozen, crudely lithographed—so badly done that we are assured by an expert that they are such as no British firm would produce. There is no imprint upon them, and they are banded merely with a slip of paper bearing a number. We are told that people who have imported such things from Germany are now removing the bands, on which their origin is described, and replacing them with such plain ones. Here, too, the facilities afforded for unfair trading by alien enemies must be removed. And now, obviously, is the time to do it.

In the somewhat cognate sphere of lead pencils a peculiar description is pointed out to us. In *Sandle's Monthly* appears a page advertisement headed "British-made Pencils"; beneath are lithographic illustrations which purport to be of them. On the band of one bundle can be deciphered the words "The Orient Penny Drawing Pencil, London, SB."—the pencils themselves giving in addition the information that they are "made in Bavaria"! No doubt it is elephantine humour—as most German humour is—in fact, it is probable that many of the purchasers of these articles will consider it no joke.

LAKE'S LAPSE.

WOOD STREET WAR WANGLER'S WILES.

Henry W. Lake, of 32, Wood Street, E.C., can certainly claim to be London's champion quick change artist. Amongst other articles he supplies to drapery establishments, are press studs for fastening ladies' garments. Before us we have a card containing three dozen "Marvels" made in Germany. We also possess another card with eyelets for 36 of these small studs. Upon this card is printed "Lake's 'See it Grip' Stud Fasteners," and in a specially designed panel, "The Labour of Lake's 'See it Grip' Card is All British." At the moment of going to press, Lake is engaged in paying women the fabulous sum of twopence per gross to transfer these studs from the "Made in Germany" card on to the "All British" card. Lake is not only a protean practitioner, but an impostor and a sweater.

PAINT AND PIFFLE.

OUR CHALLENGE TO A MANCHESTER FIRM.

In a recent issue we preferred what the lawyers call a "joint indictment" against the "Helping Hand Stores," of Albert Square, Manchester, and Mr. John W. Jones, of Clifford Street, Birmingham, the exponents of a "secret colouring process" of so simple a nature that any child may practise it, and thereby glut himself with lawful gain. In plain terms, these gentry will supply materials and teach their clients to colour pictures which can afterwards be sold at handsome rates of profit. So runs the tale, and on the strength of these glowing prognostications the advertisers have framed a liberal scale of fees, payable in advance. The Manager of the Manchester firm, a Mr. H. S. Wright, is very wroth with us because in our earlier article we stated that Jones of Birmingham was "presumably an agent of the Stores." We inferred as much from the general tenor of complaints received, but Mr. Wright now promises to give a hundred pounds to a fund of our selection if we can prove that he has ever heard of Jones. "Evidently," he writes, "you have got our business mixed up with some other concern." If so, we were misled by an exceptionally strong resemblance in the *modus operandi* of the two concerns. In point of fact, we dealt almost exclusively with the Helping Hand Stores, and after a careful perusal of the "particulars" submitted by the Manager we see no reason to retract our criticism of their methods of business. However, in deference to Mr. Wright's legitimate alarm lest our comments should adversely affect his business, we will indicate a course which, in our judgment, will place matters upon a satisfactory footing. In a recent circular he assures a sceptical public that the colouring wheeze "is a business that, when properly followed, will bring in a steady, good income, which should not be under £2, £3, or £5 a week." Will Mr. Wright kindly furnish us, not necessarily for publication, with the names and addresses of any persons who, with the aid of the Stores, are earning, weekly, the smallest of these sums?

"A WHISKERED WHEEZE."

REASONS FOR REJECTING "EJECTHAIR."

In a recent issue, after giving a brief summary of some of the shady tricks played by the quack depilatory merchants, we asked for information respecting a firm calling themselves the Ejecthair Co., of 682, Holloway Road, London, N. We have been well supplied. A mass of documents, sent by various readers who have had dealings with this company, lies before us. They tell the same old tale of trickery and quackery. The business methods of the Ejecthair Co. are honoured by time, if by nothing else. They advertise a "trial tin" of their face-moss remover for 7d. The whiskered victim remits the nimble coppers but instead of the expected tin there arrives from "The Ejecthair Manageress" a long imitation typewritten letter, in which she thanks "Dear Madam" for her letter enclosing 7d. for "Ejecthair," "but as it is composed of such expensive ingredients, this size is naturally somewhat small, being just for trial, and the result from same is only temporary." Send, therefore, she pleads, for "my 5s. 'Full Supply' for the very low *Balance of* 2s. 11*d.*" Should this tempting bait be rejected and demand made for the return of the 7d., a second lengthy stereotyped screed is at once forthcoming, accompanied by not only the "small 7d. trial box," but the large 5s. one also, with a plausible request for the "balance"—2s. 11d.—within seven days. If this be ignored, the post is burdened with even a third and fourth letter, each of which is accompanied by an invoice, on the last of which is uttered a covert threat of legal proceedings, which may safely be ignored.

The company state that "after years of experimenting" they have produced a "scientific marvel" which "removes and eradicates FOR EVER the obnoxious hairs, also (*sic*) STOPS REGROWTH." And with this bunkum they enclose a circular advertising "Lovello Cream," at 2s. 6d. a pot, and recommending it on the ground that "when used in conjunction with 'Ejecthair,' this combined treatment actually prevents regrowth of superfluous hair"!

Another £1,000 Football Prize—£125 MUST be won. See page 27.

NATIONAL PENNY BANK SMASH.

OFFICIAL RECEIVER CONFIRMS OUR ALLEGATIONS.

The Senior Official Receiver of the Board of Trade has sifted the position, so far as has been possible in the time allowed, and has arrived at a point where depositors will reap at any rate an initial benefit. He has announced that a first dividend of 5s. in the £ in cash will be received immediately, and that payment will be made in the alphabetical order of names. As some 140,000 depositors have to be dealt with, this appears to be the most satisfactory arrangement which could have been made. No definite date when the advances will commence has yet been fixed, but we hope to be in a position to give information on this point within the next week or two. As to the payment in full of depositors not exceeding £2, the scheme has now been passed by the Chancery Court, and an early announcement may be looked for regarding it.

"INSOLVENT FOR SEVERAL YEARS."

So much for the immediate future—now as to the past. It will be remembered that JOHN BULL is the only journal which made specific allegations as to the real cause of the collapse of the bank. None of these was challenged by those who, had our charges been untrue, would have been only too glad to refute them, in their own interests. At the statutory meeting of depositors and shareholders on November 5th, the Senior Official Receiver, in his statement, confirmed in every way what we have said—the principal point being the question of depreciation. He agreed with us that the accounts did not exhibit a correct view of the bank's position, and were misleading to depositors and shareholders. In regard to the causes which brought about the collapse, the Official Receiver is also at one with us in rejecting the reason given by the Directors—namely, "the financial crisis occasioned by the war." He shares our view that the financial crisis was "only the immediate cause of the closing of the bank," and expresses the opinion that it was insolvent as regards shareholders for several years. Surely, we are entitled to assume that, in due course, the directors will be called upon to give some explanation on oath of their conduct in this, which happens to be but one of the several matters which require elucidation?

The Official Receiver dryly observed at the meeting that "the idea of the bank, which was established in 1875, was the encouragement of thrift," and he at once proceeded to show how its former managing director, the late Sir George C. T. Bartley, had drawn salary and perquisites which were most excessive. We read with some astonishment that Mr. Douglas C. Bartley, who succeeded his late father as managing director in 1910, and who drew a comfortable £2,000 per annum with certain allowances, has now put forward a claim for £7,012 odd, of which £5,000 is for "compensation under agreement for services." We should imagine that the Official Receiver will not pass this claim without a fight.

DEPOSITORS' PROSPECTS.

As the figures stand for the moment, the Official Receiver reports a deficiency of £179,390 in the assets, to meet the claims of depositors and ordinary creditors. Against this there is a liability of £75,000 due to the bank by the guarantors, each of whom is well worth powder and shot. Shareholders owe £50,000 for unpaid calls, and if these be met in full—which is doubtful—depositors would stand to lose but a small fraction of their claims, even if the securities did not fetch more than their nominal prices taken as at July 27th last. But, by careful nursing, it is hoped that better values may be obtained, and in that case depositors have a good chance of ultimately receiving back 15s. to 17s. 6d.—and this outside any claim they may have in regard to what the Official Receiver described as the misleading accounts published from time to time.

We shall probably have occasion to refer again to the whole subject of the bank, but for the moment we would only add that the statement made by the Official Receiver last Thursday has again shown that our agitation for an impartial liquidation of the affairs of the bank was necessary in the interests of all parties, and that our readers who are depositors have done well for themselves in enabling us to carry it to a successful conclusion.

HIDDEN MALADIES.

A WORD WITH THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

We lately referred to the case of a Dalston girl who having obtained, in open competition, a position in the Postal Service, was subsequently disqualified by the Civil Service Medical Officer, on the ground of alleged physical unfitness. It may be recalled that the School Medical Officer had previously described the candidate as "a fine healthy girl," while the Civil Service authorities declined to specify the nature of her supposed ailments. In these circumstances they were invited to reconsider their decision, but they again insisted that their Medical Officer, had found the girl to be "physically ineligible for an established situation in the Post Office." It appears that the Doctor's embargo is to be of a permanent character, for it has already been employed to deprive the candidate of a second appointment to which she has become entitled by competitive examination. Meanwhile, the girl's father, mistrusting the diagnosis of the Service doctor, has invited an independent practitioner to examine his daughter, and has been good enough to furnish us with a copy of the certificate obtained. It runs:—

> This is to certify that I have this day examined ——— ———. In my opinion she is free from any trace of organic disease whatsoever.
>
> LEONARD W. MORTIMER,
> M.R.C.S. (Eng.)., L.R.C.P. (Lond.).

It is to be hoped that this definite certificate may induce the Civil Service Commissioners to modify their attitude, at least to the extent of disclosing the contents of their own Medical Officer's report. The girl, who remains in buoyant good health, has surely a right to some inkling of the hidden malady which has escaped the minute observation of her own medical adviser. It is obviously unjust that a promising career should be blighted at the outset by the fiat of a single medical man whose opinion is flatly contradicted by that of a professional *confrere*. The disputed issue, and others like it, should be submitted to a medical committee and decided by a majority opinion. Meanwhile, a remarkably similar grievance also emanates from the Dalston district. After eighteen months' service with the London Post Office Telephones, a female operator developed a severe cold and was required to submit herself to examination by the Post Office doctor. As a result, she was declared "physically ineligible" for further employment, but, upon independent examination by a specialist of repute, she has now been given a clean bill of health. Things begin to look "fishy" at Dalston.

"TEUTONIC TORTURE FOR 'TOMMY.'"

AN EXPLANATION WHICH DOESN'T EXPLAIN.

A week or two ago we disclosed the startling fact that German razors were being supplied to our troops. In the *Daily Mail*, subsequently stated, under the heading "Things That Happen in War Time":—

> Some not unnatural surprise has been manifested at the fact that in a good many instances German razors have been supplied to our troops. The explanation is that the Sheffield factories have not yet been able to outpace the demand, and the stock of the German product which was in the hands of British dealers has been used to make up the deficiency.

It will be noticed that no reference is made to the fact that these German razors are absolutely worthless for the purpose to which they are supposed to be applied. Surely those who relieved British dealers of "their stock of the German product" might have tried a sample before doing so? Many "Things That Happen in War Time" may be excused, but the dumping down on our Tommies of German razors that won't raze is not one of them.

ANOTHER £10 PAID.

The copy of JOHN BULL, dated October 24th, and bearing the number 310172, has been forwarded to us by Mr. W. C. Joyce, 45, Friern Barnet Road, New Southgate—to whom a cheque for £10 has been sent.

Do it every week—cut out the Pen Coupon on page 2 of cover.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

Headquarters' bills and recruits grow less
By thousands, and alarm express;
Ha. they been better fed at first
This grumble might have been reversed.

Recruits complain that when quite ready
To take the field, fit, firm and steady,
They're stopped from joining in the sport
If their battalion should be short!

Would-be recruits have been restrained
By recollections that have pained—
Of old V.C.'s in workhouse pent,
And soldiers' widows indigent.

War correspondents who could tell
Their tales of heroism well,
Are not allowed to see the "show"
Where German spies are free to go!

Headquarters now would not complain,
Had not been kept out in the rain
Recruits in hundreds, when at first
The German storm upon us burst.

Refined but spirited recruits
Object to being drilled like brutes,
And made an object for the rage
Of sergeants of an earlier age.

"MADE IN GERMANY."

A PUZZLING PROBLEM FOR THE TOY TRADE.

All said and everything hoped about a British capture of Germhun trade, there is a very great deal to be learned and a very great deal to be done. It is a long way to Tipperary; the official British exhibit of German toys in Cheapside will convince anybody of that, as will a walk round any penny, or threepenny, or sixpence-ha'penny bazaar. But for enemy goods, the stalls and shelves of these bazaars would be three parts empty; and it is here where the poor and the working man are enabled to buy many hundreds of useful and ornamental articles cheaper than any British shop in the district can supply them. The poor must have cheap things as good as they can be got at a price; and, to be candid, the British worker is producing nothing so good at anything like the price. He is quite content to let the other fellow produce these cheap things for him by long hours and cheap labour. The conditions of competitive success in cheap products are bank-backing, enterprise, ingenuity, specialisation, longer hours, lower wages. "It ain't no good argyin' agin a success," says one of the American humorists; "whenever I sees a hole with a snaik bobbin' his head in an' outen thet hole, I knows thet hole belongs ter thet snaik." How then to get the snaik out of the hole? That is the problem. It is up against us to find a solution—and it should not be impossible. Britain, which captured the world's markets and long held them, unchallenged, is capable of doing it again. But, like Charity, Business must begin at home.

THE FIREWOOD MAN.

There's a funny old man without any nose
Who comes as the postman comes and goes,
With a two-wheeled cart and an ancient ass;
If you look out early you'll see him pass.

He disturbs the street with his raucous shout,
And the words he uses I can't make out;
But what he intends can be understood,
For his cart is loaded with chunks of wood.

He shouts while I read the morning's news,
Where war correspondents say what they choose;
His strident voice no whit abates
And rattles the very breakfast plates.

My attention wanders from Coast and Aisne,
And I look at the firewood man again,
And fancy some likeness there seems to be
'Twixt the page I read and the man I see;

The pictured page—where a soldier lies
With a bandage bound round nose and eyes—
And the funny old man without any nose
Who shouts so loud while his donkey goes

With halting tread down the cobbled street.
Who knows but the old man's dragging feet
Once led in a charge? Was a bursting shell
The cause of his loss? Ah! who can tell?

Oh, sad is the tale of the pictured page
And the toll of Death where the battles rage;
But great the reward of the soldier's part—
Poor firewood man and his donkey cart!

Ready shortly! "John Bull's" Xmas Number, 2d.

TREASON IN IRELAND.

THE VENAL VENOM OF THE REPTILE PRESS.

As far as mere politics were concerned, we stand pledged to a truce which no extent of provocation would have induced us to break. Our recent "Straight Talk to John Redmond" contained no single reference to current political controversies. We studiously avoided the slightest allusion to the pros and cons of the Home Rule problem. Our purpose was to protest, not against any legitimate propaganda, but against rank sedition and overt treason. We quoted certain traitorous outbursts from the columns of Nationalist journals and invited the chosen leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party to disclaim their contents. Mr. Redmond lost no time in accepting our challenge. He openly dissociated himself from the "wretched little rags," which was exactly what we hoped and expected he would do. He is a man of honour, and we unreservedly accept his word. Upon that score there is no more to be said. Despite Mr. Redmond's condemnation, however, the "wretched little rags" are still vigorous, and we are now free to deal with the sedition-mongers in our own way.

As Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Mr. Augustine Birrell is responsible to the British Parliament for the order and good government of the Irish nation, and to him we now appeal. We will not assume that he knows all about what is happening under his nose. He shall have chapter and verse. In the October issue of *Irish Freedom*, a journal to which we previously referred, the following passage occurs:—

> Mr. Redmond seemed to think it clearly paradoxical that anyone could criticise him and praise the Kaiser. Presumably then, it is up to us to say a few words in praise of His Imperial Majesty. Even if we were English we should have pleasure in doing this, for we have nothing but contempt for the spirit of modern England (and that section of Ireland that imitates England) in sneering and jibing at its enemies, and being unable to fight a man without slandering him. H.I.M. Wilhelm II. is a high-souled patriot, and if all Kings were like him in character there would be no Republican governments. He has revived the glories of Kingship in an age that has forgotten them. . . . We compare our wasted lands with Germany, even with the subject lands of Germany, and we salute the Emperor. We cannot say whether it is true that he has spoken of his desire for Irish freedom, but we know that his Empire is one where freedom lives. If he falls, we know that the world will be the poorer and that liberty everywhere will suffer. Hoch der Kaiser!

This is not the *Berliner Tageblatt*, or the *Vossische Zeitung*, but a journal openly displayed for sale in a British capital city, under the very eyes of a British Lord Lieutenant and his Chief Secretary. It is idle to argue, as scores of correspondents have reminded us, that these obscure prints "represent nobody but themselves," and may therefore safely be disregarded. That way danger lies. This pestilent trash was printed to be read, and if people won't buy it, it will be flung into their faces by way of free distribution. Their continued publication is a menace to the commonwealth. It is monstrous that while brave Irish soldiers fight the Empire's battles, these filthy rags should be permitted to traduce their honour, and to sing the praises of their foes. Nothing could be more nicely calculated to foment internal disorder and to revive the spectre of civil strife. Moreover, it is the avowed purpose of the writers to check recruiting, and thus to prolong the agony of the European conflict. Young Irishmen, responding to Mr. Redmond's appeal for men, are treated to cheap sneers about "the glint of English gold," and "the uniform of English mercenaries." They are scorned as "fools and slaves," because they "cannot see, beneath the bland smile of the friendly Englishman, the leer of the looter and the pirate." And the authors of these foul slurs are permitted to skulk under the very walls of Dublin Castle and to enjoy the protection of British law. For the most part their scurrilities are anonymous, but in one or two instances notoriety seems to be the inspiring motive. The *Irish Worker*, rivalling *Irish Freedom* in virulence and audacity, is edited by Mr. Jim Larkin, who proudly assures all whom it may concern that he "serves neither King nor Kaiser." We take the following from a recent issue:—

> To-day in Dublin's historic town, Ireland's Judas, Redmond, and England's paymaster, Asquith, dare to insult you. They dare to offer you the Saxon shilling. Let your answer ring down the aisles of the earth. . . . Let your answer ring in no uncertain tone. . . . Throw the lie back in Redmond's throat. Tell Asquith . . . . what Michael Dwyer told the hired assassins when called on to surrender. Never! We defy you in the name of Ireland.

At loggerheads with every responsible exponent of working class opinion, this ridiculous mountebank seems once more to be pining for the inside of a gaol. As we write, we learn that he has set out for the United States, of which more anon.

In our previous article we spoke of the *Irish Volunteer* as the "recognised mouthpiece of the National Volunteer movement," but we were promptly informed that the Provisional Committee of the Volunteers had repudiated the journal on account of its disloyal proclivities. The truth is, of course, that there has been a "split" in the ranks of the militant Nationalists, which we cannot now discuss without trenching upon the forbidden issues of controversial politics. Whatever else it may or may not be, the *Irish Volunteer* is a seditious and treasonable publication.

As we have said, Jim Larkin is now on his way to the United States. It is a matter of common knowledge that the intransigent element in Irish Nationalism draws its principal sustenance from American sources. In these circumstances the following extract from a recent issue of the *San Francisco Examiner* is not without interest:—

> The Provisional Committee of the Irish National Volunteers met in the Valencia Theatre last night to raise funds to supply the Irish National Volunteers in Ireland with guns and equipment, *and to express their sympathy with the fortunes of the German army in the present European conflict.* The strong desire was expressed that no Irish would enlist in the British Army to fight against the German troops. The theatre was filled with Irish *and Germans.* . . . Subscription cards were passed round the audience.

Presumably they were well filled. How many of them, we wonder, bore German signatures, and—this is the main question—how long is the Government going to condone the machinations of a reptile press, openly and secretly subsidised by a crafty enemy for his own nefarious purposes?

Look out for "John Bull's" great Xmas Number, 2d. Ready shortly.

THE ZEPPELIN PERIL.

Our Free Insurance (GUARANTEED AT LLOYD'S) against Injury to Home, Limb and Life.

Our scheme for insurance against the Zeppelin Peril has been most enthusiastically received by our readers, in view of the fact that the ordinary fire, life and accident policies of the various insurance offices afford no protection against such a risk as that arising from bombs in time of war.

The arrangements which we have made provide, *free of any cost*, protection not only in regard to life and limb *but also against damage to the home.* There is no necessity to fill up any form of subscription to this journal or to affix stamps to our coupons. *All you have to do is to preserve carefully the coupon which will be found on page ii. of our cover—after signing it, with name and address,* and renew the coupon every week, so as always to have the current week's coupon filled in. Thus, this week's coupon holds good, in London and twelve miles round, until 8 a.m. on Wednesday, November 18th, and in other parts of the United Kingdom until 8 a.m. on Thursday, November 19th—the difference in dates being explained by the fact that JOHN BULL is published in the London District on Wednesday, and elsewhere on Thursday.

To every person injured on land by the enemy's aircraft within the United Kingdom, and who, before the time of injury, had duly filled up the coupon which will be found on page ii. of the cover of this issue, or of such coupon from any subsequent issue, during the period therein stated, we will pay, to either such person or to the person named :—

As regards persons of 16 years of age and upwards.

In the event of death within 30 days	£500
In the event of injury permanently preventing such person from carrying on his or her usual occupation	£250
In the event of partial disablement	£100
For minor injury	£50

As regards persons under the age of 16 and over the age of 12 :—

In the event of death, the sum of	£250
In the event of total disablement	£100
In the event of partial disablement	£50
In any other case	£25

In the case of children under 12 :—

In the event of death, the sum of	£100
In the event of injury involving the loss of any organ or limb	£50
In the event of any other injury	£10
In the event of damage to Home or Contents, up to	£100

We shall not trouble about any question of "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, *and to no one else.*

Claims must be received by us within seven days of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of injury to any one person, or in respect of damage to any one home—nor more than a total of £10,000 paid.

We pay the Government Stamp Duty, and we pay the premium to Lloyd's. You should fill up a similar coupon for each member of your family, and if you do not require the additional copies of our journal *send them to friends abroad, or to soldiers in hospital or camp*—they will be very glad to have them.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British born subjects, and those of friendly Powers resident in the United Kingdom—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians or Turks, even though "naturalised."*

"JOHN BULL" IS THE ONLY PAPER INSURING AGAINST LOSS OF HOME LIMB & LIFE

"BRUMMAGEM" BOUNDERS.

CRADLEY CARRIAGE COMPANY COMES A CROPPER.

In a recent issue, under the heading "A 'Brummagem' Bargain," we disclosed a transaction of a highly suspicious character, closely affecting the commercial honour of the Cradley Carriage Company, Ltd., of Cradley Heath, near Birmingham. It may be recalled that a Canterbury reader negotiated for the purchase of a bassinette, advertised for sale, in a London newspaper, by a "Nurse" Russon at a private address in Edgbaston. It was almost worthless, and, having repudiated his bargain, the purchaser discovered that the carriage had been consigned from Cradley Heath Railway Station, not by "Miss Russon," but by the Cradley Carriage Company.

As a result of further inquiries, we are now able to supplement our earlier information. Upon reference to the catalogue issued by the Company, we find that a Mr. W. Russon is one of the Managing Directors, while its business in London and the Midlands is controlled by a Mr. W. H. Russon. The "Nurse" of the newspaper advertisements was a "W. C. Russon," though it is hard to see why the tricky merchants should have troubled to change an initial while retaining their own name. We may, however, be wrong in assuming that there was "no sich pusson" as "Nurse" Russon, as it is possible, of course, that an obliging female relative of the firm may have made herself responsible for the "private" advertisement dodge. In any case, this ingenious method of palming off old stock does not appear to have brought much profit to its exponents, for we note that the Cradley Carriage Company has now a Receiver in possession. Early in October their effects were put up to auction, at the instance of the Receiver for the debenture holders, and it is not likely that we shall hear more of the Russons for some little time to come. We shall be on our guard, however, and should they "bob up" in another place, we shall not deny them the hospitality of our columns. This method of disposing of otherwise unsaleable goods is, we are afraid, widespread.

"BRUNS, OF BERLIN."

EXIT THE ALBION RECORD COMPANY.

This concern, it will be remembered, succeeded the English Record Company, of unholy memory. As we showed, the entire capital (except as to six shares) of the Albion concern was held by one Otto Bruns, of 34, Bismark Strasse, Staglitz, Berlin, and we, therefore, advised readers not to allow themselves to be bounced by Bruns agents. Herr Bruns, or whoever represents this Teuton over here, seems to have come to the conclusion that the game is up, for we note from *Stubbs' Weekly Gazette* that it has been decided to wind up the company voluntarily, a Mr. S. C. Brown, of 22, Tabernacle Street, E.C., being liquidator.

THAT TEUTONIC TRAMWAY MANAGER!

It has been pointed out to us that in our issue of October 31st we referred to the Manager of the "Nottingham Tramways" as being the official of German birth, recently naturalised, in regard to whose appointment there has been so much controversy. This description, of course, applied to the Manager of the *Northampton* Tramways—as readers of these pages will have been aware from our previous comments—the Nottingham Tramways Manager being of English birth. We are sorry for any annoyance which may have been caused to that gentleman by the slip made in the paragraph in question, but are happy to know that the circumstances of the case were so notorious that the public generally were not misled.

"BRITANNIA'S CALL!"—The patriotic verses by our contributor, Mr. Walter Moore, which we published under the above title a few weeks back, have been set to stirring music by Mr. Harold C. Organ, F.R.C.O., Deputy Organist of Gloucester Cathedral. The song is printed and published by the *Gloucester Chronicle*, from whom it can be obtained. The price is one penny only, and the profits on the sale will be given to the Belgian Relief Fund. We recommend our musical readers to invest a copper. They will find it has been well spent.

Everybody praises the "John Bull" Pen. YOU must have one. Coupon on page ii. of cover.

THE EDGE OF HELL.

A SCENE I WITNESSED IN THE CHANNEL.

By A. G. Hales.

The winter's moon, not yet at its full, was riding high above the Channel, grey clouds and black chased each other across the skies, packing and unpacking as the wild sweep of the wind tore them asunder and flung them afar. The ocean tramp, on whose decks I stood, groaned like a frightened beast as the long waves picked her up and shook her; every riveted plate rattled. . . . . Something shot out of the womb of night, a low, black, misshapen thing that hugged the waters. For a moment it rode high above us on an Alpine peak of water; caught by the moon's rays, silhouetted against the sea and sky line, it looked grotesque in its ugliness, as inartistic as a nightmare dream. . . . . The voice of the third mate came to me hoarse and harsh, though he was not a yard from my elbow. . . . "If you have a prayer hidden away in your trousers, dig it up now, you'll need it if she's a German—she's a destroyer." The waters bellied away from under her, she sank out of sight as a stone sinks; hills and mountains of water rose between us; we stood, and shivered where we stood, waiting on the unknown. Only cowards talk of warm blood in an hour like that—brave men shiver and stand firm. The liquid hills dissolved, the misshapen thing sprang from the womb of the waters and made alongside us, a light flashed along us from stem to stern, a dazzling, blinding eye of radiant fire that took us in fore and aft and left nothing unread; from the hard bitten skipper on the bridge to the palpitating passenger amidships, we were not looked at, we were eaten up by an eye of fire; had we been German and armed, the next wave would have engulfed us, our epitaphs would have been written on the sea spume that sweeps from the North Head Lights to Archangel.

A bluff voice, with a Scottish snarl in it, came to us through a speaking trumpet. "What the h—— are you doing here? Every inch of this water is mined. Do you want to be blown to your uncle?"

The third mate, by my side, cackled; like myself he had a shrewd idea who the "uncle" referred to was. The skipper on the bridge exploded; he was a pious soul, and had other views concerning his relations. The voice behind the "eye" gave us our bearings; away on our starboard bow grumbled and frothed the most dreaded quicksands the world owns, our port side was strewn with German mines, and a storm was coming up. There was a quick exchange of compliments, the dazzling "eye" was shut off, a voice came out of the darkness: "Go to h—— your own way, but keep out of our zone of action. . . ." Their zone of action! Does Britain know what those simple words convey? Does she realise how great her sea-dogs are? There is not a sea-dog guarding her coasts this hour who is not nearly a god. Their zone of action! . . . We want to dig up another Homer to sing their praises; these men are greater in their simple manliness than the heroes of the seige of Troy. They are greater than the old sea-kings, greater than the vikings; they are imperishable in their splendour. However this war goes, they will live for ever—they are great, God bless them! Their zone of action! Every wave surcharged with hidden death; mines of all descriptions floating near them—we passed six in twelve hours—and only the grace of God prevented us from going to our "uncle." That was an episode for us; *they* brave it every day and every night, and, in addition, they have to contend with the attacks of submarines, with torpedoes sent at them from harmless-looking craft flying neutral flags, and from open attacks by the enemy's fleet. They lie on the edge of hell and do their duty like the bull-dogs of the brine they are.

When morning dawned the wind was almost curling the deck plates. A squadron passed us, racing like greyhounds of the deep, signalling us we were in the danger zone of hidden mines. So were they, but as they raced along the waterway that was strewn with unseen death, they took their chance as they have taken it for months. It was superb to watch them; it was glorious; it made a man feel drunken with the blood in his veins. Talk about the vikings, the poor old bounders, how little they knew of real peril, real hardship, real adventure, compared with the life of a modern bluejacket in war time off the coast of Britain!

We went moving on, slugging into the belly of the big seas. A lugger tossing like a cockle shell, hawing and yawing in the half gale, came abreast of us on the tumbling seas. . . . Suddenly she upheaved herself and went to pieces for'ard. There was no blinding flash, no smoke, no noise—just annihilation, that was all. She settled down, stern foremost in the twinkling of an eye, blown up by one of the mines she was laying. For a moment one face appeared amid the swirl of waters—a hard, fierce, vindictive face, with the hate of hell petrified on every granite feature. Then the seas swept on.

British Leniency.

Ploughing our way through the tumbling waves we passed ships of many kinds carrying many flags, over whose safety our ships of war sat like guardian angels, warning them of mines laid by the treacherous foemen who have sown the world of waters with death, in order to strike terror into the hearts of neutrals as well as enemies. Our gallant fellows risked their lives to keep the great highways of the seas open to the world's trade, and as I watched those vessels passing in semi-safety, owing their lives and cargo to our men's gallantry and vigilance, I knew that some of them were repaying our magnanimity with treachery as base and black as anything that ever stained the records of the sea in the old piratical days. It is no use to hide our heads in the sands, we must wake up and look this hideous truth in the face. The movements of our ships that warn these jackals of the deep of danger zones are signalled to the foe. We have played the game of war upon the sea with princely splendour, we have helped the helpless, saving them from running headlong on to miniature volcanoes strewn by the German agents, and in return we have been sold to the shambles. We have forgotten that chivalry died with the birth of German power, and it is time we remembered that a nation's first duty is to its own. No ship should be allowed to pass unsearched, and justice stern and relentless should be meted out to those who have so long abused our forbearance. Right up to our very coasts I watched the shipping come and go, and deep down in my heart I knew what every sailorman now knows that it is amongst that shipping that our most dangerous foes are to be found—mine-layers and spies who take the Judas price and pay back kindness and protection with death and betrayal.

More Mammoth Prizes for Football skill! Our new contest. See page 27.

Beware of:—

"PRINTED IN GERMANY."

¶ This is the advice given by a leading newspaper in one of a series of articles urging the public to wage war on Germany's trade, and with the approach of Christmas, this advice is more than ever necessary, for in no industry more than the Christmas Card and Allied Trades has the British manufacturer been so much at the mercy of German competition.

¶ When buying **CHRISTMAS CARDS, CALENDARS, TOY BOOKS AND PICTORIAL POST CARDS** be sure they do not bear the words "Printed in Germany." This description is not the only one to avoid. There are others such as—

PRINTED IN BAVARIA	**PRINTED IN SAXONY**	**PRINTED IN AUSTRIA**

and also such cards as bear the imprint "**Designed in our London Studios and printed in Saxony,**" All these indicate that the Cards or Toy Books are of German manufacture.

¶ Remember, British firms lead in quality of design and production. Every variety of Christmas Card, Calendar or Toy Book that can possibly be required may be obtained from the undermentioned houses, and it is with confidence that they make this appeal to the Public to look well at the imprint before purchasing a single Christmas Card, Pictorial Post Card or Toy Book.

¶ Every shopkeeper in the country should have in stock some of the publications of the firms mentioned below, and a post-card addressed to any individual firm will bring particulars of the goods they offer, and the names and addresses of accessible retailers stocking them.

¶ Based on the experience gained during the Boer War when there was a vast increase over the sales of the previous year, it is certain that this year's trade will show an even greater increase. Immense quantities of Christmas Cards and Pictorial Post Cards will be required for sending Christmas and New Year Greetings to Soldiers and Sailors away from their homes and friends. Do not offend their feelings by sending them a Card printed or processed in Germany.

¶ This statement is one of a series now appearing in the Press, the cost being defrayed by the firms whose names and trade marks appear below. They are houses of acknowledged reputation, many having branches in all English-speaking countries. They do not constitute a combine and this statement is issued by them solely for the information of dealers and the public alike.

The following Publishers of CHRISTMAS CARDS, CALENDARS, PICTURE POST CARDS and TOY BOOKS appeal for YOUR Patronage:—

Alexander Baird & Son's Christmas Cards.
Every Card Bears Our Mark
Works: Eastvale Place, Glasgow. London: 72 Aldersgate Street.
GALE & POLDEN, Ltd.,
2, AMEN CORNER, E.C., and at Aldershot & Portsmouth.
PATRIOTIC BOOKS,
POST CARDS,
CALENDARS.
THE LEADING HOUSE IN NAVAL & MILITARY BOOKS & CARDS
W. N. SHARPE LTD.
CLASSIC
PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS
PATRIOTIC & GENERAL XMAS CARDS.—POST CARDS, ETC.
A. M. DAVIS & CO.
QUALITY CARDS
8 & 12, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.
CHRISTMAS CARDS & CHRISTMAS POST CARDS
MESSAGE POST CARDS FOR EVERY DAY USE.
THERE'S A DAVIS QUALITY CARD FOR EVERYBODY
WHY NOT ASK FOR THEM?
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PRIVATE CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS.
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Valentine & Sons, Ltd.
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CHRISTMAS CARDS.
PRIVATE GREETING CARDS.
POST CARDS & TOY BOOKS.
C. W. FAULKNER & CO., Ltd.
LONDON, E.C.
"GREAT THOUGHTS," "DIVINE THOUGHTS," "WITTY THOUGHTS," & "SHAKESPEARE" BLOCK CALENDARS
"MAYFAIR & REMEMBRANCE" PRIVATE CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS, PICTURES, CALENDARS, CHRISTMAS CARDS AND POST CARDS.
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CO. LTD. 7, 8, 9, OLD BARLEY, E.C.
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CUT THIS OUT FOR REFERENCE
ALEXANDER BAIRD & SON
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PHOTOCHROM CO., Ltd.
W. N. SHARPE, Ltd.
VALENTINE & SONS, Ltd.
ASK FOR THEIR PRODUCTIONS.

Remember these Facts when Christmas Shopping.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P., House of Commons, S.W.

DEAR PREMIER,—A word or two, as Parliament opens. Allow me to congratulate you upon your scheme for the relief of traders holding German bills, the necessity for which, as you may remember, was first emphasised in these columns. I trust that such further measures as you may submit to the House may be of an equally helpful and workmanlike character. I have no doubt that the question of recruiting is uppermost in your mind, and in this connexion I would counsel the widest generosity. With maintenance allowances for dependents upon a liberal scale, and an adequate scheme of "compensation," you will, I believe, get all the men you want. At any rate, justice demands the experiment.

JOHN BULL.

To His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,—I have no antipathy to your plan for "a Day of Humble Prayer and Intercession to Almighty God on behalf of the cause entrusted to our King, our Empire, and our Allies." On the contrary, I hold that this mighty conflict is a manifestation of the Eternal Purpose, and I think it well that men and women should be invited to meditate upon the awesome grandeur of the cosmic plan. I am glad, however, that through the timely and well-judged intervention of his Majesty the King, there is to be no grovelling pretence of "national humiliation." Man serves his Maker ill by shedding the dignity of his manhood; and on this high occasion a false show of humility would be offensive to every instinct of our common patriotism. Let us pray for strength and victory, and for a truer understanding of our Imperial destiny.

JOHN BULL.

To His Grace the Archbishop of York.

MY LORD OF YORK,—And a word with you, too. What did you mean by telling your diocese that "it is only to the Providence of God and, under Him, to the vigilance and effectiveness of our fleet, that we have so far been spared the awful horrors of invasion which have devastated the land of Belgium"? What *had* Belgium done; and, if she is so wicked as to deserve the fate which has befallen her, why are we fighting at her side; and why are you praying for her?

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, M.P., Home Secretary.

DEAR MR. SECRETARY,—Permit me a word on behalf of a section of the community who are receiving scanty consideration just now. The licensed trade, though badly hit by the restrictive measures which you have seen fit to adopt, has loyally identified itself with the national interests, honourably refraining from audible complaint. I find, however, that many publicans, apart altogether from their present losses, are vexed by fears of what yet may happen. Knowing the temper of the teetotal faction, they are anxious lest their present sacrifices should be made an occasion for further legislative restriction, and to this fear is added a not unreasonable apprehension of burdensome war taxation. Upon these points, I think reasonable assurances should be forthcoming. What do you say?

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Edward Grey, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

DEAR SIR EDWARD,—You may remember that when I was in the House it was my wont to catechise you about the German nationality of many of our "British" Consuls. Now, have you read what the Revd. A. Anderson, of Kirkcaldy, has to say about his treatment at the hands of our Dresden Consuls?

JOHN BULL.

To Robert Bridges, D.Litt. Poet Laureate.

GREAT MUSE,—What is the matter with you? Doesn't the present crisis in the life of your country inspire you?

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Fisher of Kilverstone, First Sea Lord.

MY LORD,—Now that you have settled into harness, I am anxious to express my deep satisfaction at your return to the Board of Admiralty. In this hour of supreme crisis past controversies sink into nothingness, and I need hardly assure you that you enjoy the implicit trust of the nation. Without assuming that your appointment indicates any change of naval policy, one may fairly regard it as an earnest of stern militancy in every branch of the service; and I welcome the assurance it affords that the fight henceforth is to be "with the gloves off." I will not vex you with further words. More power to your arm.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss Nina Boyle, Women's Freedom League.

DEAR MADAM,—In a recent letter to the Prime Minister you adduced strong evidence to show that "drinking by women had not increased" since the outbreak of war, and in regard to licensing restrictions you went on to observe "repeated attacks on our liberties are provoking the deepest indignation among men and women alike." As you know, I have waged an unceasing fight for the liberties of which you speak, and I welcome the prospect of your future co-operation. Upon some matters we may not see eye to eye, but it is good to know that your organisation has been kept free from the influence of prudes and fanatics. In the emergency of war, the teetotal faction are meanly striving to rivet their fads upon the general community, and your vigorous protest is not ill-timed.

JOHN BULL.

To His Honour Judge Mulligan, K.C., Cambs. and Norfolk County Court Circuit.

MY DEAR YOUR HONOUR,—I am very glad you called attention from the Bench to the fact that lodging-houses all along the coast were still being permitted to be kept by Germhuns. I am confident that the police are not nearly active enough in rounding-up coast spies. You say that the exclusion of alien enemies from the coast is a dead letter as far as Norfolk is concerned. Are things any better higher up, or lower down? It is a serious, even a vital, matter. From the coast, probably, the Germhuns got information which enabled them to attempt their abortive raid off Yarmouth. As you say, "whether a man is naturalised or not may constitute a difference in law, but there is no difference in reality"; at least not with this enemy. It is time every Germhun, naturalised or otherwise, was cleared off the coast. If we are to be safe, we must suspect—that is the long and short of it; and suspicion demands that our enemies should be kept inland.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Reginald Courtenay Gayer, Allen Road, Stoke Newington.

DEAR DOC.,—As you are on a peace footing in time of war, may I respectfully suggest that you make your disposition "according"? From the evidence in the North London Police Court it is evident you totally misapprehend the duties of non-combatants at the rear. To be called in to visit a child, as in the case of the junior Appicella, of Allen Road, thereupon proceed to examine the pulse of the mother, and, on learning your error, to throw the child from the top of the bed to the bottom and there spank it because it yelled exceedingly at the sight of you—that I submit is one of those horrors of peace which you could not expect the justice of our magistracy to condone. What I want specially to impress on you, further, is that you must not take your experience as a precedent, justifying your going about whacking ailing infants at the small charge of 20s. and costs per head—or *per contra!* The next one you whack may cost you more. In any case, dear Doc., learn to spare the spank and charm the child, for thus only doth the physician prosper.

JOHN BULL.

To H. Webb, Esq., M.P., Junior Lord of the Treasury.

DEAR LITTLE MINISTER,—Up to the present I have had no response from you to my recent exposure, not only of the presence of a Germhun servant in your confidential employ, but of the action of Mrs. Webb in discharging another servant—of admittedly good character—on account of her "anti-German" sentiments. Have you nothing to say—or do?

JOHN BULL.

Another 250 "Bullets" Turkeys to be won this week. See page 28.

"PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT—"

"SMILING AT GRIEF!"

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

WE APPEAL FOR IMMEDIATE HELP FOR THE WIVES AND CHILDREN, AND OTHER DEPENDENTS, OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

It gives us pleasure to say that—thanks to the generous response of our readers to our appeal—we have been able to grant immediate relief to the dependents of many soldiers and sailors who had been suffering acute distress, and had either been refused assistance by the local branch of the Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association or the Prince of Wales' Fund, or such assistance was being so unduly delayed as to render recourse to another agency necessary. Space prevents our giving details of all these cases, but we select the following as typical :—

Upon the outbreak of war a widower with two children, who was lodging with a friend, enlisted, leaving the youngsters (without asking permission to do so) in the care of his pal's wife. In his enlistment paper he described himself as "married, with two children," and in due course a letter containing a Post Office order for the separation allowance arrived at the address where he had left his children, directed to their mother—who had been dead some years. This was returned to the Paymaster, with a full explanation of the circumstances. Honesty here did not have its reward, for the soldier's chum, in addition to having the children on his hands, was put to a good deal of correspondence, which in the end resulted in the allowance being cut off altogether. "A pal in need is a pal indeed," however—as the children have found, for their father's friend's wife intends to keep them until the wanderer returns. We are taking steps to ensure that the kiddies get the dependents' allowance, to which they are fully entitled, and have meantime given their kind-hearted temporary father a couple of pounds, as his circumstances cannot stand the strain of the liability which he has so generously undertaken.

A poor old woman, with two sons at the front, was recently summoned for arrears of rent, an ejectment order being subsequently granted. One of her two boys is married and quite unable to help her, while from the other the poor old soul is receiving 6d. a day allotment of pay. She had occupied the premises for over 14 years previous to the war, and always paid her rent regularly! We sent the poor creature a couple of pounds from our Fund, and put her on the road to obtaining further assistance. There are landlords *and* landlords—as well as different types of magistrates.

Upon the outbreak of war, Darby and Joan's three sons answered their country's call. The old couple are in failing health, and, in consequence, the husband is unable to undertake even light work. Each of the sons, while at the front, allows his aged parents 3s. a week. Obviously, this is totally inadequate for their keep, although they live in the country and cultivate a little garden plot. The case having been brought to our notice by a local resident, we at once made them a grant from the Fund.

A widow whose only son has joined the colours, finding herself deprived of her means of support, did not know what to do. She was quite ignorant of the method of claiming an allotment of her son's pay, nor did she know where to apply for assistance from the Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association. We put the old lady on the right lines, at the same time sending her a couple of pounds to go on with.

The wife of a rifleman, with five children, through her papers being mislaid, found herself stranded, and appealed to us for help. We rendered her immediate assistance and gave her information which will, we hope, result in the muddle being straightened out.

TOMMY'S THANKS.

Our soldiers are astonishing creatures. The least service rendered to them is received with profuse thanks, whilst they never once think of the "little bit" they are doing for us. Every week, as our readers know, we are able to give some slight assistance to the wives and families of our fighting men, who, mainly through official mismanagement, have not obtained their separation allowances, and invariably we receive a warm letter of thanks. Here is one from a man in a Scottish Hospital—just returned from the front badly wounded. His wife lives in London. She, naturally, longed to see her husband, but had not the means to go to him. We supplied them, and this is a portion of the brave fellow's letter to us :—"I am writing to thank you for the great assistance you gave my wife. I was surprised when I saw her. I am not much of a hand at letter writing, but I can't thank you too much. Well, perhaps it is just as well that we are not all letter writers. It comes in useful sometimes to know how to use a rifle and lay a gun."

And here is a sample of Tommy at the front showing his gratitude for a small service :—"I had a letter from my wife saying that you had sent her £2. I think you're a toff. It puts new blood into a man." We could go on quoting such letters by the score.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following :—

H. L., £3 3s. ; "Rejected Recruit," £1 ; E. F., £1 1s. ; N. L. M., 5s. ; S. G. B. (Wolverhampton), 2s. ; I. I. (Sheffield), 2s. ; J. O. W., 5s. ; "Un Gallois," 1s. ; H. W., 2s. 6d. ; "British Sailor's Wife," 2s. 6d. ; I. F., 5s. ; J. T., 5s. ; J. A. (Ilford), 2s. 6d. ; "Chiswick," 2s. ; W. G. N., 2s. 6d. ; J. H. W., 1s. 6d. ; "Osborne," 2s. 6d. ; E. G. S., 14s. 1d. ; M. B. (Kanturk), 5s. ; W. R., 1s. ; "Anon," 5s. ; "Nellie B.," 2s. ; "In Memory of Noble Paget," 2s. 7d. ; "A Leith Reader," 2s. 6d. ; L. L. E., 5s. ; H. K. D., 2s. 6d. ; "Jarrow Labour Exchange Staff," £1 ; "Bertha," 2s. ; J. E. C. (Swansea), 1s. ; H. R., 4s. ; "Sisters and Inmates of No. 6 Ward, General Hospital, Oxford," £1 ; H. V. G., 5s. ; "The Employees of C. W. (Limehouse)," 10s. 3d. ; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. G. (New York), £1 1s. ; F. H. (Clapham), 1s. ; A. K., 1s. ; W. T. H. M., 1s. ; H. F., 1s. 6d. ; "Lamorna," 2s. ; A. McC., 1s. ; "Colombo," 10s. ; "Val," 5s. ; N. O. S., 4s. ; K. B., 1s. 6d. ; "Scotland for Ever," 2s. 6d. ; A. C., 2s. 6d. ; "The Macphail Clan," £2 17s. ; F. E. N., 2s. ; Mrs. H. B. H., 6d. ; "Constant Reader," 2s. ; "Optimist" (Hull), 2s. 6d. ; "Policeman and His Mate," 3s. ; C. N. C., 2s. 6d. ; L. N. K., 2s. 6d. ; "Omicron," 2s. 6d. ; J. T. (Penrith), £1 ; "Jim P.," 3s. ; M. W. (Southampton), 5s. ; L. J. M., 5s. ; J. E. W., 1s. ; "Old Soldier," 2s. 6d. ; "Musselburgh," 1s. ; J. H., 6d. ; A. A. H. (Dunfermline), 1s. ; "Bulletite" (Derbyshire), 1s. ; J. S. S., 10s. ; E. J. W., £2 ; A. G. S., £1 ; P. A. K., 10s. ; V. J. F., 6d. ; A. L. (Manitoba), 1 dollar ; G. N. J., 1s. ; J. A., 10d. ; K. & S., 1s. ; "Ivy Mary," 3s. ; J. H., 1s. ; "A Reader from Llanelly," 2s. ; Mrs. J. S., 5s. ; "Dolphin," 4s. ; A. W. S., 1s. ; J. B. S. (Cardiff), 2s. ; A. F. J., 2s. ; "Richardson," 1s. ; "Torpedo," 2s. ; W. P. (Sidcup), 4s. ; "Hatching Green," 10s. ; "A Few Sympathisers at G. L. C. C.," 12s. ; A. G. F., 1s. ; "Nemo," 6d. ; G. F., £1 6s. 8d. ; D. A., 4s. ; J. P. P., £1 1s. ; L. C. T., £5 ; M. S., 1s. ; "Shellback," 5 dollars ; Mrs. M., 1s. ; E. M., 1s. ; "A Sailor," 2s. 6d. ; F. H. (Hull), 1s. ; J. S. (Blackpool), 1s. ; E. G. (Winchester), 1s. ; "Hope," 6d. ; A. W. M., 6d. ; E. R. M. (Liverpool), 1s. ; F. A., 1s. ; "Little Johnnie," 8s. ; "Jay," 5s. ; "Brum," 5s.

WHAT HAVE *you* GIVEN ?

Mr. J. N. Thomas, the winner of the first prize in our 107th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

Mr. G. A. Williamson, the first prize-winner in our 106th "Bullets" Competition, has also sent us £5.

"A Cleveland Miner" sends us a donation of 5s. for the poor woman mentioned in our issue of October 24th, under the heading of "Her Boy."

"Bullets" Great Xmas offer—1,500 Turkeys and other Xmas Prizes. See page 28.

Be it Known

to the British Public that the Waterman "Ideal" Fountain Pen is sold in this country through the Austrian-controlled firm of pencil-makers, L. & C. Hardtmuth, Ltd.

Every Waterman pen sold, therefore, in this country means profit to the King's Enemies

On the other hand, Onoto Pens, the best Fountain Pens in the world, are British Made. First and foremost there is the

Onoto Self-filling Safety

Fountain Pen (British Made) - - 10/6

The Onoto has proved itself over and over again to be the most efficient writing instrument obtainable. It can never leak in the pocket in any position; the ink flow can be regulated to suit the speed of the writer and the pen instantly refilled when required from any ink supply.

Try it side by side with any other fountain pen in the world and in a few days you will be absolutely convinced of the superiority of the Onoto,

and in addition the two following pens specially designed to take the place in future of the Waterman Pens sold by L. & C. Hardtmuth, Ltd.

The Onoto "Landsman"

Fountain Pen (British Made)

A British Made Fountain pen with a spoon feed, designed to supersede the ordinary 10/6 Waterman "Ideal" Fountain Pen, and in every respect equal, if not superior to all other pens of this type. **10/6**

The Onoto "Landsman"

Safety Fountain Pen (British Made)

This is a British Made Safety Fountain Pen of the screw-out type, fitted with a spoon feed, designed to supersede the 12/6 Waterman "Ideal" Safety Fountain Pen. It is a favourite model as, when closed, it cannot leak and the nib being always wet, writes directly it touches the paper. **12/6**

The finest material only is used in the manufacture of these pens, so that by purchasing **BRITISH MADE GOODS you obtain British quality without extra expense, and also support home industries in time of war.**

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO. LTD., London.

"JOHN BULL'S" VARIETY TURNS.

ROLL UP!

(Sung by Britons at the Front).

Roll up, you lads of British breed,
  Come out and join us here,
Where hourly some heroic deed
  Is greeted with a cheer!
Roll up, roll up for Britain's sake,
  Before the chance goes by—
Better to join our ranks, and *live*,
  Than stay at home—to die!

We know so far the Government,
  Hindered by various cranks,
Have given small encouragement
  For you to join the ranks:
But still, roll up, for Britain's sake,
  No lad of grit will skulk—
Come, join us in the trench, and *live*—
  Don't stay at home and sulk!

We know, when going to enlist
  Some were kept waiting long
In rain and cold and wind and mist,
  And felt their treatment wrong:
But still, roll up, for Britain's sake,
  And make the Germhuns howl!—
Come, join us in the charge, and *live!*—
  Don't stay at home and growl!

We know when some had reached the camp,
  They were kept short of skoff,
And had to doss down in the damp
  And caught a nasty cough:
But still, roll up, for Britain's sake,
  And crack the Germhun louse!—
Come, join us on the march, and *live!*—
  Don't stay at home and grouse!

We know that some, when five foot three
  Were reckoned far too short,
Were disappointed bitterly,
  For they were just the sort!
But come, roll up, for Britain's sake,
  Now five foot three will do:
Come, join in the advance, and *live!*—
  Don't stay home feeling blue!

We know the Government permit
  The Germhun spies to roam
In fashion that is far from fit
  About the coast at home:
But still roll up, for Britain's sake,
  This hour the chance affords
To join us in the field, and *live!*—
  We'll grumble afterwards.

We know, we married ones, if we
  Upon the field should fall,
They'll give our widows, grudgingly,
  A dole absurdly small:
But still roll up, for Britain's sake
  (JOHN BULL will put *that* right!)
Better to join the ranks, and *live*,
  Than stay at home from spite!

We know old men who in the past
  Have served their country well,
Have been allowed to breathe their last
  As paupers, which is hell!
But still roll up, for Britain's sake,
  (JOHN BULL will right *that* wrong!)
Come, join us in the fray, and *live!*—
  And then we *shan't* be long!

So, roll up, lads of British breed,
  Come out and join us here,
Where hourly some heroic deed
  Is greeted with a cheer!
Roll up, roll up, FOR BRITAIN'S SAKE,
  Before the chance slips by—
For, though you fall, your fame will live
  In Britain's memory!

W. M.

SOLDIERS
and SAILORS
need Handkerchiefs!

Give them
EXCELDA
HANDKERCHIEFS.

A genuine, durable and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

UNION JACK and KHAKI STYLES, as well as many other attractive designs.

Sold everywhere at 6½d. each.

Be sure you get EXCELDA.

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Copies that look like Originals.

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BLICK OFFICE EQUIPMENT, 9 & 10 Cheapside, London.

SPEND ONLY 3/9 INSTEAD OF ORDERING A NEW OVERCOAT

Your overcoat can be renewed all over—the shoulders squared up so that the coat no longer looks old, the linings restitched where necessary, the collar stiffened, the buttons and buttonholes put right, and every characteristic of a new coat given to it for only 3s. 9d.

But we—and we alone—do even more than this. By our West of England cloth process (dry superheated steam under pressure) we treat the cloth as the manufacturer treated it in the making, and thus give the fabric itself a new finish and a new lease of smart life.

A day or dress suit, or three pairs of trousers similarly treated for the same price. Write for prospectus of our Subscription Service.

Note the correct Name and Sole Address—

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37 & 40 Great College Street, London, N.W.

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"JOHN BULL SAFETY MATCHES"

Made at

"ENGLAND'S GLORY"

Match Works, Gloucester.

OF ALL GROCERS, OILMEN, &c.

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This is the greatest popular-priced Gramophone Offer ever made, and it extends to every reader. There are no conditions or stipulations. We Deliver this high-grade powerful Gramophone complete with all accessories and 20 full size carefully chosen selections carriage paid to all approved orders for 5/- only. Balance to be completed in 11 monthly payments of 5/- If you are entirely satisfied. If disappointed we will refund your money in full.

THE GRAVES GRAMOPHONE has a solid Dark Oak Cabinet exquisitely polished and decorated with a charming Fine Art Panel. The MOTOR is of the latest perfected type, runs silently and smoothly, and is of exceptional power and durability. Fitted with Taper Tone Arm. 10 inch Turntable and 16 inch Seamless Sound Horn, beautifully decorated in a charming combination of Art Shades. The Sound Producer has extraordinary power, and is marvellously sensitive. It is a triumph of ingenuity.

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IMPORTANT. All Gramophone owners should write for our Record offer. 20, 40, 60 or more selections for small payment now, balance in small payments monthly. Enormous variety. The World's Greatest Performers.

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EVERCLEAN "LIGNOR" COLLARS

Can be wiped white as new with a damp cloth; Stain and ink-proof. No Rubber. Will last for months. Great Comfort. Invaluable for the office. Sports and every-day use. Saving of Laundry Bills. 2 *Sample Collars*, 2/6. 6 *Collars*, 6/-. All Shapes and Sizes. *Cuffs*, 1/6 *per pair*. *Fronts*, 1/6 *each*.

THE BELL PATENT SUPPLY CO., LTD.,
(Dept. 57) 167, Holborn Bars, London E.C.
(Two doors from Gray's Inn Road.)

HARRY APPLETON

The Man who Always Pays,

24, Oswald Street, Glasgow; 3, St. Thomas Street, London Bridge, S.E.

Credit Accounts opened. Daily settlements a speciality.
Not represented on any racecourse.

This Wonderful Magneto Belt has made thousands of Sufferers Strong, Healthy and Vigorous. I will send you one for 1/-

MY MAGNETO BELT has cured Thousands; therefore I say to you DON'T STAY WEAK. I know that I can make you strong although you may be depressed and lacking in vigour and confidence. You can be free from weakness and be the mental and physical equal of anyone of your age. The Vital Power which you need will be poured into your system by my Magneto Belt. By the Laws of Nature you should be Strong, Active, and Healthy. If you are weak, nervous, and debilitated get New Power, New Life, New Vigour into you by wearing a Magneto Belt.

I INVITE EVERYONE who is not perfectly fit and well, or who is weak and run down, to try my Magneto Belt. The price is not £5, but 5s. (five shillings), by easy payments. My belt is sent on seven days' trial immediately on receipt of 1s. deposit. After you receive the Belt you pay me the balance of 4s., or at the price of 1s. weekly, whilst actually wearing it.

MAGNETISM is the most effective curative power in cases of Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, Loss of Vital Nerve and Muscular Strength, Weak Back, Disordered Liver, Kidney Trouble, Indigestion, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, Constipation, Dizziness, Lack of Energy, Melancholia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Will Power, Want of Self-Confidence, Lack of Mind Concentration, Involuntary Blushing, etc.

"NEW LIFE." COUPON POST TO-DAY.

To Mr. AMBROSE WILSON
48, Vulcan House,
56, Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C.

Simply write your FULL name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your waist measurement, pin coupon to paper and post it to me at once. Please send me a "Magneto Belt" on approval. I enclose 1s. and if I do not return Belt within seven days I will pay you the balance of 4s. either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1s.

Size of Waist ..... Inches

NOTE.—Foreign and Colonial Orders must be accompanied by the full amount and 1s. 6d. extra to pay postage.

CLUBS AND THE NEW ACT.

DESPOTIC VETOES OF PUMPURITAN MAGISTRATES.

There is a certain class of club, neither up at the top nor down at the bottom, which is being hit very hard by the Temporary Restrictions Act; the ordinary guinea-a-year political club, to wit. Precisely what end was served by shutting off its refreshments first at 11 o'clock, then at 10, is not obvious. Under its ordinary rules it did not make either itself or its guests drunk, even if it did not go home until morning; at all times it was respectable and self-respecting. Now all is changed. Its members are deserting it because it is so dry; it cannot let its hall because the private festival is no more; it is not worth while holding a smoking concert, even with the local M.P. in the chair, if it has to blow itself up with balloon juice or hold its mouth under the pump at the stroke of 10 p.m.; and generally it is becoming a bore and a burden to itself, without assisting in the slightest degree the strategic objects of the military or the tactical notions of the aquapuritans. Probably its individual members do not drink a single drink less, for what they do not get at the club they get at home; but to cork all the bottles and let loose the tap after 10 o'clock spoils pleasant hospitality, shuts off social intercourse, and incidentally leads to the discharge of servants through the necessity imposed on the committee of cutting its coat according to its cloth. There may be something, perhaps, to be said for putting the cheap drinking club of lax rule on a level with the pub, for this prevents the outflow from the pub to the club, but the bona-fide club is not affected by either the inflow or the outflow of public houses, and has never competed with them. Only its sense of patriotism keeps it from raising an awful dust, and it has power to do so. Its members loyally drink off at 10 p.m., and show their wives good husbands in the effort to convince themselves that they are assisting at the performance of some mysterious and elusive rite for the winning of battles and the salvation of their souls.

But there are moments when they are tried beyond their patience. One incidental of the Act is that it has brought the aquapuritan magistrate to the bench like a lion refreshed. He sees that it gives him the chance of a lifetime. It is a whip of scorpions to his hand. As a rule he is flint and steel; for the Act and the whole Act, and nothing but the Act without concession and without exception. In this spirit everybody who dares to plead for an extension of hours for a club concert, whist drive or dance confined to members and a few guests admitted under strict and ordinary rule, is commonly scorned with many scorns, as drinkers at the wells of iniquity and the fountains of damnation. To our mind these refusals to give occasional extensions of two hours or so for social fixtures of a club are taking an unfair and senseless advantage of a measure passed by consent in Parliament as a military measure. We do not think Parliament intended to make it a scourge in the hands of teetotal magistrates.

WHAT ABOUT THE MISSUS?
Have you taken home this week's
"MARY BULL"?

BRITISH AND BEST.

The "ERASMIC" SHAVING STICK.

DOES NOT DRY ON THE FACE.

BEWARE OF FOREIGN IMITATIONS.

IN NICKEL CASE 10d
Of all Chemists & Hairdressers.

ERASMIC LONDON.

A. H. WESTWOOD
39, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH,

begs to inform his clients that he will conduct business as usual during the winter months.

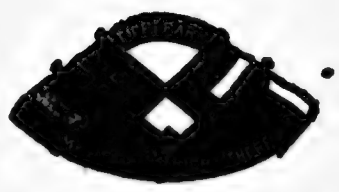
A copy of the "Little Blue Book" containing terms, Ready Reckoner, etc., will be sent post free on receipt of application.

NO LIMIT AT STARTING PRICE.
Books open on the DERBY CUP and MANCHESTER NOVEMBER HANDICAP.

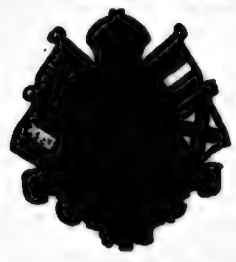
"Paper prices" guaranteed.
ANY FEASIBLE SYSTEM UNDERTAKEN.

THE WAR BADGE. (REGISTERED DESIGN.)

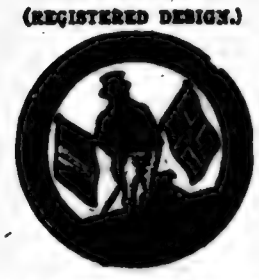
THE TIPPERARY. (REGISTERED DESIGN.)



THE "PRO PATRIA" BADGE. (REGISTERED DESIGN.)



THE BUSINESS BADGE. (REGISTERED DESIGN.)



100,000 of these badges have been sold in the British Isles. The demand is increasing enormously, and they are going all over the world. *Beautifully enamelled* in the correct colours, they are sent out on artistic cards, the War and Business Badges with suitable verses attached, the Tipperary (by courtesy of Messrs. B. Feldman and Co., London) with the chorus from the famous song.

The price is 1/2 each, post free.

In response to hundreds of requests from delighted purchasers, we are now producing them in solid silver at 2s. 9d., and in oct. gold at 30s. No such value has ever been offered, and only the enormous demand has made it possible. They can be worn either as brooches, pendants or badges, and are ideal gifts for our soldiers, their wives, sweethearts and friends. If your local trader is sold out, send us postal order (not stamps) direct. Write your address clearly, say which you want, and if brooch, pendant or badge. *Whatever you want in badges, write us. We are the badge specialists*, and supply them for all purposes.

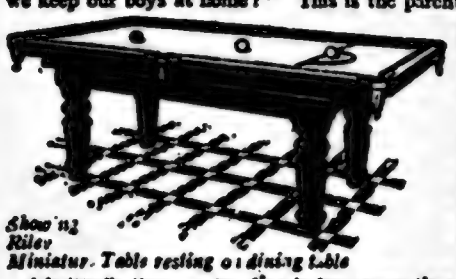
The J.B. Co., Mail Order Dept., Empire House, Great Charles Street, Birmingham. 'Phone 90 Cen.

ENORMOUS RESPONSE TO LANCASHIRE FIRM'S AMAZING OFFER.

Thousands of Splendid Billiard Tables despatched for FREE TRIAL.

Many years of healthy amusement obtained by means of first payment of 8/6.

MANY thousands of parents have found the solution to the question, "How can we keep our boys at home?" This is the parents' great aim—to keep the lads within the beneficial influence of home life, and the best, and only way, is by providing



Showing Riley Miniature Table resting on dining table

HEALTHY RECREATION AT HOME.

Our youths demand recreation, with "life" and movement, and in many cases home cannot offer sufficient of this kind of amusement to interest the growing youngsters.

THE SOLUTION—BILLIARDS.

Admittedly there are few finer indoor games than Billiards. Billiards has interest for both players and spectators. It calls for the exercise of skill, patience and self-control; it excites real live enthusiasm, and its fascination grows more intense with practice and the acquirement of efficiency. Anyone—either sex—may learn to play billiards reasonably well with a little continuous practice. Nor need anyone think that Billiards at Home is impossible for them because they have no very large rooms. You do not need a full-size table to enjoy a game of Billiards.

MINIATURE TABLE—3/6 DOWN.

Riley's of Accrington, for the trifling sum of 8s. 6d. down and 12 monthly payments of 8s. 6d., will deliver free within one mile of nearest railway station (at their own risk), a Miniature Billiard Table, to rest on a Dining Table, measuring 6 ft. 4 ins. by 3 ft. 4 ins., and priced at £5 5s. This is a very popular size and will fit any ordinary sized room, yet it is so perfectly proportioned that any player can enjoy a good game upon it.

But supposing for some reason you are not satisfied with it after seven days' trial, all you have to do is to pack it up, advise Riley's, and they will have it removed

FREE OF ALL COST TO YOU.

Do not delay. Send a P.O. for 8s. 6d. for the first payment and your table (6 ft. 4 ins. by 3 ft. 4 ins.) will be despatched, with all accessories, within seven days. There is no carriage for you to pay, no trouble, no bother, and the second payment not due for another month.

In addition to their Miniature Tables, Riley's have another table, the

"COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE

—really a magnificent piece of furniture, which may be converted into a large-sized Billiard Table by its very simple automatic raising and lowering action. This Table can be secured on easy payments spread over 12 months or 18 months.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Premier Works, Accrington.

LONDON SHOWROOMS: 147, ALDERSGATE ST., E.C.

CANADA'S GIFT.

Everyone remembers Canada's generous gift to the British Government of about 50,000 cheese for our soldiers.

The value of this gift will be readily appreciated when the wonderful food value of cheese is considered.

In selecting food for our troops on active service, preference is given to those which provide the greatest amount of nourishment and body-building qualities.

Cheese is undoubtedly the best food soldiers can have—1 lb. contains three times the nutriment of 1 lb. of lean beef.

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JOHN BULL ON SENTRY GO.

THE "BRITISH" HOTEL MANAGER.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friend!"

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign!"

"*Civis Britannicus sum!*"

"Halt! A step nearer at your peril! In these days you are called upon to prove your claim to British citizenship. Your name?"

"Kingsley."

"Was that you parents' name, or did you adopt it by deed poll?"

"I've told you I'm a friend, that I am a British citizen, and my name. I demand the right to pass!"

"Halt! And hands up! Now answer my question: Is Kingsley your original name?

"Ach! this is nonsense! Let me pass!"

"One!—Two!——"

"All right, all right! I adopted it by deed poll."

"Since the war broke out?"

"Yes."

"What were you called before?"

"Koenig."

"Were you born in Germany?"

"Yes."

"Of German parents?"

"Yes."

"Then by what right do you claim to be a British citizen?"

"I am naturalised."

"Since the war began?"

"Yes."

"What was your object in becoming naturalised?"

"Because my sentiments are British, and I am proud to be a British subject."

"Have you lived long in England?"

"Many years."

"Why, then, did you wait until the war broke out before giving practical expression to your British sentiments?"

"Because—— Because——"

"All right; let it go. What is your business?"

"I am an hotel manager."

"Is your staff mainly British or German?"

"German and Austrian."

"Why have you employed foreigners?"

"Because they are cheaper."

"Do you call that expressing British sentiments?"

"It is business."

"Business detrimental to unemployed British waiters?"

"If you like—but it is *business* all the same."

"The changing of your name, so as to conceal your German origin, was business also, perhaps?"

"Yes, it was business."

"And your naturalisation, also?"

"If you like."

"Have you for years been in constant communication with Germany?"

"I have friends and relations in Germany. It is my native country."

"Do you think it possible for a man, at a moment's notice, to foreswear his sentimental allegiance to the country of his birth, where he passed his childhood, and where his closest friends and nearest relatives still live?"

"That is a question for you."

"I know it is: and my answer to it is, No!"

"That is your opinion. My arms are beginning to ache."

"You changed your name and became naturalised to serve your private interests?"

"Oh, if you like!"

"They are not the sentiments of a true British subject. He who can honestly say *Civis Britannicus sum*, considers his country's interests before his own. Your conversion is too sudden. Even taken at your own valuation you are a German renegade, and Britain has no room for such. An honest foe is better than a false friend."

"Ach! Let me pass! I do not want your sermons."

"Guard! Arrest this man! He is a subject for deportation or internment. The safety of Britain demands it! 'Shun! By the right . . . . quick . . . . MARCH!"

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Earl of Loudoun	Hon. Cecil Parker
Brigadier-General Marshal	Dowager Lady Ashbourne
Bishop of Newcastle	Viscount Valencia
Dowager Lady Queensberry	Lady Hutton
Lady Watkins	Sir Bertram Dawson
Sir Wm. C. Dunbar	General Fagan
Viscount Eldonk	Lord Sinclair
Lady Stanford	Hon. Mrs. Warburton
General Lock	Professor Slater
Lady Lubbock	Hon. Mrs. Tremayne
Sir N. Kennedy	Lady Strachey
General Carey	Lord Sydenham
Lady Stathallan	Sir H. F Norbury, K.C.B.
Professor Watts	Lady Renshaw
Sir Charles Payton	Sir Wm. Clark
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Rt. Rev. Bishop Nelligan	Lord Salvesen
Surgeon-General Hamilton	Lady Louisa Walker
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General Beeching	Sir H. F. Wombell, Bart.
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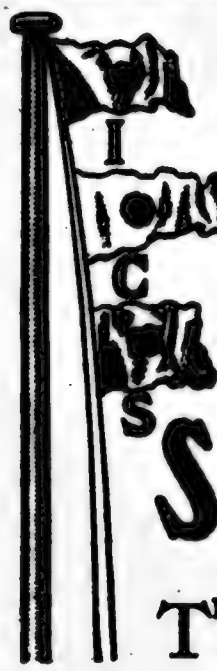

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

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LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

GENERAL.

TO THE BOYS AT THE FRONT.—We have again to acknowledge many postcards and letters from lads at the front—to all of whom we send a heartfelt greeting, with the best of good wishes for their early and safe return.

"FOOTER."—Why *should* we be "surprised to learn that Mr. Patrick O'Brien *is* doing a Football Cup Sweep and giving all the profits to the War Fund"? Good luck, and God bless him!

G. C. (Cheshunt) AND OTHERS.—*Of course*, wherever you live in the British Isles—whether in town or country—you are protected by our Zeppelin Insurance. You cannot have read the notice carefully, as it makes it clear that the benefits are extended to everyone living within the United Kingdom.

M. R. W. (Liverpool).—It is weak to get down-hearted because we have had a few minor naval reverses. It is also playing the enemy's game. Like the Fat Boy in "Pickwick," they want nothing so much as to make our flesh creep.

W. W. W. (Southgate) says that outside a Hoxton church is the notice, "We demand £1 a week for disabled soldiers and sailors or their dependents." And so do we.

R. G. H. (Hastings).—It is certainly unfortunate that our Royal Family should be so "mixed up" with Germany.

"RECRUIT" (late a badly-treated Post Office employee) asks: "If King and country want us now, why the devil don't the Government look after us in times of peace?" Because hitherto it has not been a Business Government.

J. D. (Shepherd's Bush) expresses the opinion that "the first bomb that drops on London will mean the rapid exit of all Germans from Great Britain." Certainly it will not increase the affection of the man in the street for our alien enemies, and reprisals might result.

"SYMPATHIZER" (Invergordon).—We have ourselves appealed for some consideration for the "wives" of soldiers who have been forced by circumstances to contract "irregular alliances," but the Rev. Stiggins is so much to the fore nowadays that we fear no adequate financial assistance will be given them. The Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association, and the Charity Organization Society, which hold up holy hands of horror at the mere suspicion of so-called immorality, are, we afraid, not over-enthusiastic in their behalf. What is wanted is a little less canting humbug and a little more humanity.

J. L. H. points out that an examination of the map of Belgium shows that the two towns which the Germans will hold in that country are Alost and Turnhout. Is not there by chance a place named Turnbac?

A. J. W. (Nottingham).—It is because the majority of electors have forgotten to think and say *Civis Britannicus Sum* that the bureaucratic measures you complain of have been thrust upon them. Remember that the people usually have the government they deserve. Only political apathy permits "Party" to flourish.

E. P. C. S. (Manchester).—Rely that we shall do all we can to the end "that after this war none of our disabled soldiers or sailors shall be reduced to selling matches, etc., to help out their princely pension."

"ANTI-CRANK" (Wadhurst) thinks that the Scotsmen and half-Scotsmen in the Government "are largely, if not wholly, responsible for our present position." Now there'll be an awful rumpus in Scotland.

J. W. H. (Oxford).—We, at any rate, will do our best to see that the soldier is not slighted, "when the war is over, and all things righted."

"A BRUSH" (Manor Park, E.).—We are keeping our eye on the distribution of the Prince of Wales' Fund as far as it is possible, but we should have to be Argus-eyed to see all that is going on.

W. O. M. (Merthyr Tydfil).—We must not blame Lord Charles for a mere *lapsus linguæ*—as the parvenu said when the butler dropped the leg of mutton.

F. C. (London) has heard that a certain gentleman of Hungarian nationality has been appointed to a post in the Censor's department. We shall have to censor the Censor.

"ABERDAWE" (Glam.) AND OTHERS.—Thanks for calling our attention to Shakespeare's interesting analysis of the German character.

LT.-COL. P. PELLETIER, Agent-General for the Province of Quebec, tells us that, his attention having been called to our article criticising the British Association of Retail Purchasers, he, "now that he sees what their real aim is," has written them withdrawing from his hon. membership of the London Committee. He tells us—as we supposed—that when he gave permission to the organiser, Mr. Siday, to use his name, the full purpose of the Association had not been disclosed to him.

"CANTAB" (Cambridge).—We have no definite information that the Baronet is a German spy. We know no such person as "Herr Von Haldane." Make inquiries in Berlin.

"BRITISHER" (Moss Side).—Note your adventures with Ramsay Mac. & Co. For your compliments, thanks.

G. D. (Hendon).—You are correct in stating that German banks finance German traders on little more than the security of their orders

"BRITISHER" (Old Kent Road).—"Let us all ask our wives and others not to deal with our enemies, viz., German butchers, bakers, &c." Let's.

G. V. T. (Kensington, W.) suggests that our German prisoners might be exhibited to the public at a penny a time, the proceeds to go to the Belgian Relief Fund. Who would pay a penny to see a German, considering that they can be seen for nothing anywhere at any time, notwithstanding the activities of the police in "rounding them up"?

F. R. (Liverpool).—Prince Louis of Battenberg was born in Austria. He is the eldest son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, a Grand Duchy of Germany.

J. G. (Huddersfield).—Fireworks question answered by events.

C. D. G. (Bournemouth) says that if ever Battersea sends a man like John Burns to the House of Commons again the constituency should be disfranchised. Did not the Major say to Miss Tox, "He's tough, ma'am—tough is J. B.; tough and devilish sly"?

P. C. D. (Balham).—We deprecate, as you do, the impudent exploitation of the Belgian refugees by gutter-grubbing firms.

W. H. W. (Woolwich).—Judging by the number of complaints we are receiving daily, that department of the Post Office which is responsible for the despatch of letters and parcels to the troops and sailors at the front has broken down appallingly. There is also a disgraceful "leakage" of the little luxuries being posted daily to the lads in the field. Is Hobhouse's job too much for him?

J. S. (Birmingham) informs us that an acquaintance of his "insists that Mr. Bottomley started business as a boy in the 'Wood Engraving.'" Quite right—but it's a long while ago.

"TIMBER" (Yarmouth).—"Who are these old men and boys and girls I see in the streets day by day? Are they all of a fighting race, All that's left of a right to stay?" Don't apologise. Have read poems worse.

MRS. H. W. (Greenwich).—You are right. Never again shall we hear that the German soldier is superior to the British. Tommy has established his ascendancy, and will maintain it.

MRS. A. M. (Kinross-shire).—You have fallen into the clutches of "Slippery" Slade, of Bradford, whose nefarious tricks we have frequently exposed. As he has had your £1 since last May, and you have never received the goods, you should communicate the circumstances to the Official Receiver, Bradford, sending him all the documents relating to the case.

R. H. (Wood Green).—We congratulate the *Bowes Park Weekly News* on its announcement that "Wood Green special constables may have *free* shooting lessons at the Alexandra Palace range, with ammunition at ten shots 2d."

T. C. (Belfast).—We can understand Ulster Unionists being cross about the passing of the Home Rule Bill, but, without strong evidence, decline to believe that some of them carry their nasty temper so far as to hoot and boo at the National Anthem. Ulsteria, however, is a queer complaint.

W. J. M. (Plymouth).—We have never made any bet that the war would be over at the end of October. Indeed, the war is, in our opinion, far too sacred a subject to gamble about.

Take a note to buy "Marv Bull" THIS week. Out on Friday. 1d.

A. H. (Crouch End).—Many thanks for the bicycle you have sent as your contribution towards our Jumble Sale.

"BOON" (Worthing).—Our Publisher has written you, but the letter has been returned. Kindly forward new address.

C. H. A. (Moseley) is tickled by this advertisement in the *Birmingham Daily Mail*: "Wanted, for a stout donkey, a small rubber-tyred trap. Vicar, Wall, Lichfield." Can't say we feel any tickle ourselves.

J. S. (Epping) says "These bally German spies, Have been a blessing in disguise, They have made us use our brainbox, And opened wide our eyes." What a poet! Do you know it?

"EPICURE" (Hindsford), who "can spin a hot plate as well as any Germhun on earth," wishes to know how and where he can obtain a situation as a waiter.

A. H. G. (Slough) relates how a lady approached the sentry guarding the camp of the 2nd King Edward's Horse, and asked: "What is this?" "King Edward's Horse, madam." "Oh, could I see King Edward's horse?" And on payment of the "charge," 2s., she was led to the sick-horse lines and shown the sorriest gee of the lot. She "tumbled," laughed, and thought the joke worth another shilling. We are sorry any of King Edward's Horse are capable of deceiving a woman.

A. W. S. (N. Wales).—Send your old journals to some of the military hospitals, to enliven the wounded.

"SCOTSMAN" (Kirkcaldy).—If your miner friend had only taken the trouble to wash before presenting himself at the recruiting depot, no doubt he would have been hailed with satisfaction and passed, instead of being curtly dismissed. You must admit that it is neither considerate nor respectful of a man, grimed with sweat and toil, to offer himself for medical examination. The military pride themselves on their cleanliness.

LANCE-CORPL. W. M. wants to know whether some kind-hearted reader will send a gramophone and records down to Bovington Camp, Wool, Dorset, for the use, delectation, and amusement of the 10th Bn, Sherwood Foresters, 51st Brigade.

E. J. N. (Horsmonden), a butcher by profession, "voicing the feelings of each and every honourable gentleman of the trade," protests against the frequent description of the Kaiser as "The Bloody Butcher of Berlin." What shall we call him, then—the Crowned Crippen?

"CONSTANT READER" (S. Derbs.) has been good enough to send us instructions how to make gunpowder, and to explain that "the Theoretical reaction of the Explosive is represented by the chemical equation $2KNO_3 + 3C + S = K_2S + N_2 + 3CO_2$. Good! Now we can all make our own bombs in preparation for the German invasion.

J. E. F. (Bolton) thinks there may have been some connection between the horse-maiming outrages in the Midlands and the German spy element in this country. We cannot follow his line of reasoning.

MR. GEORGE LOUGHLIN ("Rose and Crown" Hotel, Pendleton), moved by our recent reference to the fact that the air of our National Anthem was of Teutonic origin, sends us a song, the words by himself and the music by his son, "St. George for England"—appropriately enough, the anthem of the Salford branch of the Royal Society of St. George. It is certainly a stirring production, and should find favour in the eyes of all patriots.

V. M. (Teignmouth).—Don't worry; Krupp's factories will be destroyed right enough, either during or at the close of the war. In our opinion, Essen is as important an objective for the Allies as Berlin.

G. G. (Clerkenwell, E.C.).—Under the Hague Convention, prisoners of war are permitted to send and to receive letters post free.

"THE DUKE," believed to be in Johannesburg, is urgently requested to communicate with his mother at Thetford, England.

J. C. (Glasgow) AND OTHERS.—Cannot undertake to discover the nationality of shareholders and directors in public companies or private traders.

C. F. G. (Islington).—You are too utterly utter. The expression, "As easy as shelling peas," has passed into the language and not even your lively concern for the purity of English grammar can alter one word of it. A man who insisted on saying "As easy as *un*shelling peas" we should put down as a pestilent pedant.

G. W. W. (Wells).—Glad to hear of the patriotic spirit evinced by your local Salvation Army captain in enlisting; but think you rather spoil it by explaining that he did so because he found it increasingly difficult to obtain subscriptions to the S.A. funds.

C. B. (Macclesfield).—We were far more interested in your brief life history than in your parodies. We have often heard it said that there is no love like the old love. Your experience seems to confirm it. Rather rough on the old pot and pan, though, isn't it? Read *Mary* for a few weeks—perhaps she can convert you.

"HACKNEYITE" (Weaste).—Your acrostic on Horatio Bottomley is too horrible for words. We could make a lot prettier one ourselves.

H. A. S. (Birkenhead).—If you were really a member of the Y.M.C.A., as you pretend, you would not ask us the ancient one, "Why is the Kaiser like Holland?" By this time everybody knows it is because he is damned all round.

"BULLITE" (Harrogate) says "there is an hotel in Harrogate whose manager is a Germhun pig." In that case visitors ought to be well off for pork.

D. R. (Fife).—"Can a manager make a irish scandal against his workman Englishman single in a plubic work before his employes and outside?" He can, but he shouldn't.

"TRUE ENGLISHMAN" (Oxford Street).—"I can't give my name on second thoughts for I am a father of five children." If you had been the father of forty, we assure you we would not have breathed a word about it to anybody.

"NORMAN" (Tidworth).—A child born in Australia of Irish parents is a British subject; but when he grows up, his kind friends, when they want to be specially funny, will call him an Australian Irishman.

J. S. (Richmond).—Why do 9 out of 10 passengers, before taking a seat in a railway carriage, look to the front or rear of the train? Presumably for the same reason that the cow looked over the wall, *or to make sure they have given him the slip.*

NED (Wexford) would like to know how the war will affect Ireland. "Are we safe here?" he asks. A lot safer than the Germans are in Berlin.

N. H. (Crawley).—Much too much blast in that verse.

S. H. (Hampstead) considered our article *re* Spy Peril of so much importance that he "took it to the Navy League, asking them to take official cognisance." They are in league with us.

H. E. P. (Norwood).—"This is the second time you have referred to the late Lady Hawkins' 'famous remark,' Damit——, what *did* she remark?" We have said it once. Would you have us shock ourselves twice?

"ANGLO SCOTT" (Glascae).—"More Kaiser. He rides a cock horse as Germhuny's boss, And distributes crosses at 4d. the gross, Demanding his people as grist for his mill, This blaspheming, blundering, blithering Bill." If he comes to Glascae he'll probably look you up.

MRS. G. B. (Haswell) would be very grateful for news of her husband, who left home on July 22nd, and has not been heard of since.

MRS. A. W. (Aberdeen).—"I have a copy of JOHN BULL dated December 30th, 1821. Will you kindly tell me what it is worth?" Keeping.

F. M. (Forest Gate).—Some people will argue about anything. We believe Sheffield razors used to be sent to Germany to be hollow-ground, but whether that applies now we cannot say.

"OBSERVER" (?).—Note your statement that the present tenant of a Berkshire estate does her best to prevent any of the soldiers stationed in the neighbourhood entering her park.

MRS. B. (Guernsey).—Agreed that the menage of that frantic revivalist, Evan Roberts, is peculiar. Thanks for liking us.

"OLD SOLDIER" (Goodramgate).—Sorry "Please come in civilian dress" annoys you. But surely it is more suitable on occasions?

R. G. W. (Northampton).—Have any of our readers told us that "the medicine prescribed by the Kaiser for Britain is too tonic (Teutonic)?" Yes, they have, and the news is too horrible for words.

A. G. L. (London).—We cannot judge the reason why the War Office did not require your free services. It was certainly patriotic of you to offer them.

J. Y. (Rochdale).—Glad you remembered our exposure of the British Watch Company, of Sun Street, E.C., and kept your money in your pocket.

J. B. K. (Manor Park) says that if people insisted on having English oak for everything they would put English timber merchants to considerable loss. Or, for that matter, we suppose, if they insisted on having any other country's oak for everything.

A. B. (Eastwood).—Have no objection to Simmons and Co., *per se*, though it seems a bit queer mixing up theology, war, baby carriages, and the Kaiser in one heap.

E. C. S. (Birchington).—If you take our advice you will have nothing whatever to do with any offers made by the Stylopen people, 43a, Theobalds Road, W.C.

A. E. U. (Liverpool).—"To settle an argument," civilians who serve as volunteers against an enemy are eligible for the Victoria Cross. It is worth £10 a year.

"UNION JACK" (Llanbradach).—"Nobody, I am sure, wishes to see German films, even though imported before the war." We should have thought picture shows would be at some risk in exhibiting them.

Special Extra £25 Football Prize for a "Mary Bull" Mauve Coupon. See page 27.

LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

IN THE TRENCHES.

We're a-sitting in the mud, comrade mine,
We're a-squatting in the mud and in the rain,
Like the rabbits, we are found
In a warren, underground—
And perhaps it's underground we may remain;
But we're taking it as comfy as we can,
Though we're lolling on wet clay instead of benches,
And we kid each other that
It's a picnic we are at,
Instead of fagging duty in the trenches.

There's the Germans 'cross the way, messmate mine,
They are planted in the opposition shop,
And we waits for one to shove
His old napper up above,
When it's time for us at him to have a pop;
Though we don't get nuts or smokes to score a bull,
And it's rotten shooting in a rain that drenches,
Yet we're keen to have a go,
And to give a cove what-ho
If he shows his German phiz outside the trenches.

It was rather rum at first, dear old sport,
And it took a day or two to see the joke,
Squirming in a boggy ditch,
Camping out! and wond'ring which
Was the way to dodge the shells among the smoke;
Them Jack Johnsons used to give us quite a turn,
But we don't mind now their banging and their stenches,
When they're busy with their din,
Why, we just dig deeper in,
And we tell ourselves it's bomb-proof in the trenches.

It's a trifle slow at times, matey mine,
When hard at it for three weeks on end you've been,
And I wish I was with Alice,
Sitting in a picture palace,
With a diff'rent kind of picture on the screen.
If I say so to the chap who's by my side,
He says, take his tip and have no truck with wenches,
For he wagers I should find
That the girl I've left behind
Finds a deputy for me who's in the trenches.

Well, of course that starts a row, china plate,
For I won't have my girl slandered to my face;
But he demonstrates that he
Wasn't rightly meaning me,
But was pointing out a gen'ral sort of case;
What he meant is, most girls are like what he said,
Only happy when a fellow's heart she wrenches,
But that, all the time, he thought
My one's quite a diff'rent sort,
So once more it's mothers'-meeting in the trenches.

There's a chap I'd got to like, dear old chum,
Quite a boy he was, but very smart and fit,
He was always full of fun,
Why, when we was feeling done,
With his jokes and chaff he'd cheer us up a bit;
We was singing, and poor Tom stood up to dance,
We was laughing, when his face turns stern and blenches,
Not a murmur, not a groan,
But he dropped down like a stone,
For a sniper's bullet found him in the trenches.

'Course we sometimes have a change, pal o'mine,
And the one that we like most, you make no doubt,
Is when word is passed around
That the foe's on open ground,
And with bay'nets fixed with joy we scramble out;
When the blessed order "Charge!" rings in our ears,
O Lord! how happy are us boys of French's;
When we let the Germans feel
What's the taste of British steel,
Why, it makes up for the horrors of the trenches!

RICARDO.

Printer's Pie.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Should more than one competitor call attention to the same slip, the amount will be forwarded to the sender of the first letter opened. In the case of newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be forwarded to identify the name of the journal and date of issue. Envelopes to be marked "Pie" in the left-hand top corner.)

"WHITCHURCH HERALD":—
"The *Times* of yesterday, commenting upon the news that Turkey had committed definite acts of HOSPITALITY against Russia, says—"

"IPSWICH STAR":—
"Germany in this war against the world STOOPS TO NO MEANS to attain her ends, regardless of the harm that may befall neutrals as well as enemies."

"ARGUS":—
"He proceeded to express appreciation of the special constables, saying they had DONE their work very well, AND THE PUBLIC AS WELL."

"LIVERPOOL EXPRESS":—
"Uhlans had BURNED the chancel and nave INTO STABLES AND KITCHENS."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—
"I WATCHED a naval engagement WITHOUT SEEING IT this morning."

"DAILY MAIL":—
"Death of Mr. —— —— THROUGH ILL HEALTH."

"CREWE CHRONICLE":—
"He prevailed upon them not to use violence unless absolutely UNNECESSARY."

NATIONAL HEALTH INSURANCE COMMISSION (form):—
"Please state hereon the DATE OF YOUR BIRTH and HOW OLD YOU WERE AT YOUR LAST BIRTHDAY."

"SCOTSMAN":—
"RECOVERY OF DEBTS from the Duke of ——: The *Morning Post* states that the Duke of —— PASSED A RESTLESS NIGHT on Saturday, but the general condition was very little changed."

"STAFFS SENTINEL" (advertisement):—
"For sale, a country mixed business . . . capital chance for a man who can hawk; good accommodation for HORSE or would suit WIDOW and DAUGHTER."

Bull's Eyes.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Isn't Turkey going to get it "in the neck"?
Why hasn't the Poet Laureate "said *his* piece"?
Isn't a place "in the shade" what Germany will get?
Isn't it about time our Navy had a "look in" at Kiel?
Is the Germhun K.O.K. (Kaiser of Kultur) equal to ours?
Aren't spies "in high places" likely to discover the most?
Do *you* want a bit of Turkey for Christmas? See page 23.
Aren't the London Scottish now entitled to wear a feather in their caps?
Aren't some publicans saying they will soon have to "shut up" altogether?
Won't even the Germhuns have to admit that "Tommy" has a "winning way"?
Won't the Turkish forces find it easier to "dam" the Suez Canal from a distance?
Isn't it quite evident that the Germhun Intelligence Department "knows something"?

* * *

The Moslems will not support Turkey, not if the Aga Khan help it.

* * *

Sheffield streets are to be darkened after sunset. That will suit the "blades."

* * *

Eighty tons of cheese were offered for sale at Whitchurch. A "mitey" atom.

* * *

It is estimated that rats in this country are as numerous as the population. H.M.S. *Britannia* is not yet a "sinking ship" then.

OUR Zeppelin Insurance is ABSOLUTELY FREE. See page 11.

NEW FOOTBALL CONTEST.—Huge Cash Prizes.

No Fees **£1,000** *For* *ALL-CORRECT COUPON.*

£125 MUST BE WON.

Another great Football Contest this week. We are repeating our prize offer, and for an all-correct coupon shall pay the huge sum of £1,000. As will be seen below, in any event £125 must be won—including an extra £25 for the best forecast on a *Mary Bull* Mauve Coupon. No goals are required and there are no fees. Send as many coupons as you like, but please post early. Scottish readers may enter.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

is to forecast the results of the League games, to be played on Saturday, November 28th, given on the entrance form on page 2 of our cover. Note the special method of marking your forecasts, as explained on the coupon.

£1,000 FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending in an entrance form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given, played to a finish.

COUPON and Rules on PAGE 2 of COVER.

Should no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, £100 will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, even if only 8 or 10.

£25 "MAUVE" COUPON PRIZE.

In addition we shall pay an extra £25 cash prize for the most correct forecast sent on a "Mary Bull" mauve coupon.

By using a mauve coupon, you have the opportunity of winning not only the £1,000 or the £100, but an extra £25. Thus in any event

£125 MUST BE WON.

Should a mauve coupon win, or share the £1,000 or £100, the £25 will be awarded to the sender of THE NEXT best mauve coupon. The mauve coupon will be found in this week's *Mary Bull*, on sale Friday, November 13th.

Address "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope "Football Contest No. 7."

The closing date is Friday, November 27th.

DON'T DELAY! MAKE USE OF THE COUPON THIS WEEK.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"I have not received any answer to my Letter so I thought I would write and tell you we all met on saturday night and the chrildren told the Aunt to her face that she did say it of course she denied saying anything so now I must wait untill I hear a stranger say anything and then I will summons her hoping I have not taken up a great deal of your time and if you put anything in the paper leave my address out, but you could put in it if you like, this is to certify that —— —— and —— —— better known as —— —— of —— —— as been married 22 years the 23 of December in the year 1892 not and has never been living together, and till me how much it will be make a big poster of it so as everybody can read it."

"SIR,—Thinking there to be a Wil connected with me at Somerset House I ask if you can help me. I have been to Somerset House and inspected some of the books but not knowing the exact date I was unable to find what I wanted. I do not know the exact date of Deceased Death or his Address but believe it must be about 48 years ago. Hoping to here in your next Issue if Possible, Yours Truly."

"I shall esteem it a favour if you could get to know for me What became of the following money's or if anyone took possession of them. £6000 at Child's Bank 17,800 at Horres' Bank 19,000 at Stephenson's Bank 7000 at Coslings Bank all belonging to —— —— Esq of —— —— Who died Intestate in the year 1798. The reason I wish to know is, that my Grandfather was a direct descendant of the Great Grandfather of the Intestate, also if you would enquire if there is any money in Chancery belonging to the said —— ——, by doing so you will greatly oblige, one of your admirers."

Racing Notes.

For the Liverpool Cup on Thursday our last week's selections, DIADUMENOS and GREEN FALCON, are both still doing well, and one of them should prove the winner. Perhaps DIADUMENOS will prove just a little the better, whilst SUBTERRANEAN should get third place.

To-day (Wednesday) the Knowsley Nursery should be won by X-RAY. The Lancashire Handicap will give THE GULLER a chance of redeeming his Cesarewitch failure.

To-morrow PRESTER JACK may win the Stewards' Plate.

On Friday CARETAKER is a likely proposition in the Downe Nursery, and Wootton's stable may also take the Croxteth Plate with SILLER.

On Saturday FANOUS* forms the best thing of the week for the Liverpool Nursery.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO 8.

Our football experts got much closer on this occasion, no fewer than six competitors having sent coupons showing only 2 errors. They share the £100 Consolation Prize, each receiving £16 13s. 4d., the names and addresses of the winners being as follows:—

Anderson, Jas., 1, Robson Terrace, Low Fell, Gateshead; Brand, John, 19, Marchall Street, Aberdeen; George, Wm., 143, Victor Road, Penge, S.E.; Magog, J. D., 8, Marlon Street, Sunderland; Quayle, Joseph, 114, Macdonald Street, Wavertree, Liverpool; Williams, R., 120, Derby Road, Tranmere, Birkenhead.

The *Mary Bull* Mauve Coupon Prize of £25 is shared by the following 12 competitors, whose coupons showed only 3 errors, each receiving £2 1s. 8d.:—

Blower, W., 56, Livingstone Road, King's Heath, Birmingham; Blacow, R., 36, Careless Lane, Higher Ince, Wigan; Beavis, L., Rockdene, Combe Martin, N. Devon; Carter, R. M., 11, South Parade, Southsea; Coyle, G., 83, Stirling Street, Denny, N.B.; Gardner, M., 9, Highbury Place, Blackburn; Grimn, Mrs., 74, Horseley Road, Great Bridge, S. Staffs.; Howenson, E., 29, Clive Place, Penarth; Millston, Swan Hotel, Abergavenny; Nicholls, L., 23, Ronald Park Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea; Wakeham, W. J., 23, Forge Road, Short Heath, Wolverhampton; Young, Mrs., J., 4, Toronto Road, Horfield, Bristol.

'BULLETS' GREAT XMAS OFFER!

1500 TURKEYS

£250
FIRST PRIZE

TEN WAR PRIZES OF £10 EACH

250 TURKEYS
TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

"John Bull" is offering 1,500 Specially Selected Turkeys as "Bullets" Prizes, 250 of which are to be won this week.

In consequence of the War, Turkeys will be very scarce this year, and more expensive. Many will probably find it impossible to procure one at all. "John Bull's" "Bullets" Turkeys will be of the very highest quality, and WORTH AT LEAST £1 EACH. They will be despatched to prize-winners in ample time for the Christmas Dinner, and winners will be notified immediately the awards are made each week.

Such an unequalled opportunity of securing a Fine, Plump Turkey for your Xmas Dinner should on no account be missed.

In addition a First Prize of £250, Ten Special War Prizes of £10 each, numerous Cash Prizes, and 2,000 other handsome Prizes are to be won.

£250
FIRST PRIZE

TEN PRIZES OF £2:10/- EACH

100 Prizes of 10/-

2,000 OTHER PRIZES

200 Prizes of 5/-

Bullets can be constructed from these Examples.

WHAT KITCHENER WANTS	BIG GUNS	IN GERMANY	A REGULAR SWANKER	THINKING HARD
ENGLAND'S AWAKENING	RUSH TO ARMS	REGARDLESS OF COST	ROTTEN LUCK	DRAWING NEARER
WHEN RETIRING	TEMPERANCE REFORM	CAN'T STAND	KEEPING THEM BUSY	NOT DESIRABLE
OUR TERRITORIALS	A TRYING CAMPAIGN	A RAPID MOVE	AMAZING REPORT	GETTING HIS STRIPES
BEGINNING TO DOUBT	BEATS EVERYTHING	DARING DEEDS	SHOPPING WITH MISUS	SPECIAL SCOTCH
PAYING TOMMY	A SORRY SHOW	COVERED WITH CONFUSION	FLIGHTS OF IMAGINATION	FINDING FATHER OUT

Closing date, Thursday, November 19th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(111) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii. of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.

This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "Mary Bull," dated November 21st.

Closing date, Thursday, November 19th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(111) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii. of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 111." "JOHN BULL." LONG ACRE. LONDON. W.C.

Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE FOUND IN OUR ISSUE DATED DECEMBER 5th, 1914.

2,571 PRIZES
Value £1,175
THIS WEEK!

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our thirty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example "BEATS EVERYTHING" and take the letters "T" and "S," using the word "FIRST" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet "TOMMY'S FIRST SHOT." From the example "A RAPID MOVE," the Bullet "ALGY ENLISTS" can be formed. Again, if you choose the example "NOT DESIRABLE," using the letter "L" as initial for both the first and last word, you can make the Bullet "LOVER WITHOUT LUCRE."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

RESULT OF 108TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

MRS. DAVIES,
329, Hartshill Road,
Stoke-on-Trent.

Example:—CONCEALING THE TRUTH.
Bullet:—TOMMY'S WIFE'S LAUGH.

10 WAR PRIZES OF £20 EACH:

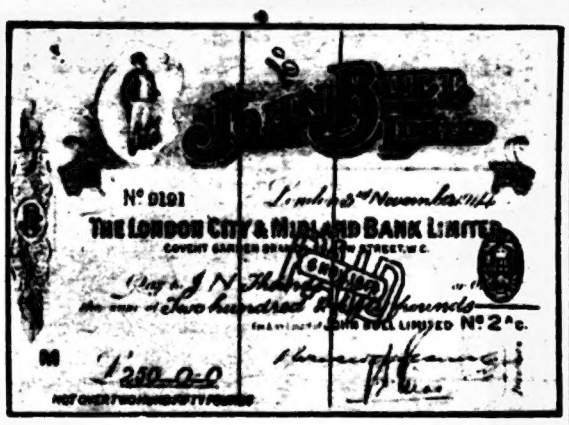
Mr. GEO. WALLIS, 43, Holloway Street, Portsmouth:
FUTURE OCCUPATION—PRUSSIANS KICKING THEMSELVES.
Mr. ROBT. H. CHEVNE, 43, Elsdon Road, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne:
THE SPY PERIL—EVIDENTLY "WAITING" INCREASES.
Mr. S. J. W. CHARLTON, St. Catherine's Lighthouse, Niton, Isle of Wight:
GERMAN WAITERS—GETTING LESS "NEEDFUL."
Mr. S. E. RICHARDS, 4, Greenhill, Ellesmere, Shropshire:
CROSSING THE ROAD—DANGEROUS TO "DUCK."
Mr. FRED E. SHATTOCK, 113, Cambridge Gardens, North Kensington, London, W.:
CONCEALING THE TRUTH—"OTHER" RUBBISH.
Mr. C. W. KING, 258, Passmonds, Rochdale:
CANNOT BE IGNORED—DRAINS THAT DON'T.
Mr. G. LAVELLE, Allen and Hanbury's Ltd., Three Colts Lane, Bethnal Green, London, E.:
CONCEALING THE TRUTH—INCREASES "SPECULATION" GENERALLY.
Mr. E. D. SOULSBY, Fenwick Grove, Morpeth:
TURNING BACK—TIRED BEDFELLOW'S ULTIMATUM.
Miss GERTRUDE STRUTT, care of Messrs. Philpots, Drapers, 3rd, Marina, St. Leonards, Sussex:
A SIMPLE SUBJECT—ALWAYS BUYING EXPERIENCE.
Mr. J. G. LAPTHORN, 14, Thompson Road, Seaforth, Liverpool:
LOOKING UP—UNBUTTERED SIDE USUALLY.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH.

Mr. F. CLEWS, 62, High Street, Evesham, Worcester:
CONCEALING THE TRUTH—HE "HAD TWO."
Mr. W. W. YOUNG, 7, Lyne Street, Abbeyhill, Edinburgh:
CANNOT BE IGNORED—THE PLODDER EVENTUALLY.
Mr. HARRY DANBY, 6, Daubney Street, Grimsby:
CONCEALING THE TRUTH—CIGAR'S OUTER LEAF
Mr. JOHN JULIFF, St. Mary's Infirmary, Highgate Hill London, N.:
PANIC MEASURES—COMPULSORY BEDTIME NEXT
Mr. E. J. GOLDTHORPE, The Cottage, Salcombe, S. Devon:
RAPID DEPARTURE—AFTER HONEYMOON, "DARLING."
Mr. JAS. BURT, 15, Clarence Street, Paisley:
MY GREAT REGRET—TAILOR KNOWS BEST.
Mrs. A. MILLS, 10, St. Margaret's Road, Swindon:
PANIC MEASURES—PUBLICAN BLAMES ILLUMINATION.
Mr. S. S. ARCHER, 9, Ewart Road, Chatham, Kent:
THE NEW LODGER—THINKS I'M "WHITELEY'S."
Mr. W. C. WATSON, 128, Limestone Road, Belfast:
THE SPY PERIL—PRETTY FATHER EXPERIENCES.
Mr. C. EMMENS, 27A, Esher Street, London, S.E.:
A SIMPLE SUBJECT—SERMON MAKES MYSTERIOUS.

100 PRIZE WINNERS OF 10s. EACH.

ADAMSON, D., 2, Mill Grove, Litherland, Liverpool.
APPLETON (Mrs.), 21, High Street, Bransty, Whitehaven.
BENNEY, W. G., Penrhyn, 80, Shadwell Rd., North End, Portsmouth.
BOOTH, J. H., 78, Florin Street, Pendleton, Manchester.
BOTT, H., 30, Archer Road, Redditch, Worcestershire.
BRUMWELL A. W. K., Kendal House, Tynemouth, North'land.
BRYSON, W., Market Terrace, Wooler, Northumberland.
BUCHANAN, J., 2, E. Broughton Place, Edinburgh.
BURROWS, C. F., 82, Macclesfield Road, Woodside, S.E.
CAMPBELL, J., 48, Union Street, Aberdeen.
CHAPMAN, F. M., 117, High Street, Hastings, Sussex.
COOPER, A., 1, Albert Houses, Albion Road, Scarborough.
COWLEY, J., 11, Adelaide Road, Sheffield.
CURTIS, W. J., Kellaway, Chippenham.
DAVIES, T., 30, Rosyth Village, Dunfermline.
DUNZEY, A. F., 34, Waterloo, Pembroke Dock.
EARLAND, E., 87, Cowley Road, Mortlake, Surrey.
ELLESMORE, F. J., Blue Boot Stores, Ware, Herts.
ELLIS, RICHARD, 32 Elphinstone Road Walthamstow.
FORRESTER, C. (Mrs.), 12, Gray Street, Abertillery, Mon.
FOSTER, W. (Mrs.), 60, Hartley Road, Nottingham.
FOSTER, E. (Mrs.), 105, Abbey Street, Derby.
FOX, S. (Miss), Ferndale, Receiver Road, Herne Bay.
GARROULD, G. H., 14, Riverside Road, Norwich.
GARDNER, F., 98, Ainsville Road, Frizinghall, Bradford.
GRACH, W. E., 15, Marine Terrace, Penzance.
GEE, W., 5, Florence Mount, Harehills, Leeds.
GETHING, E. (Miss) Church Crookham, Fleet, Hants.
GILCHRIST, J., 13, Fielden Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow.
GRIFFITHS, D. P., Glanyrafon, Llancarfan, Cowbridge, Glam.
HALL, C., 139, Laburnum Grove, Portsmouth.
HEALE, E. F. W., 4, Eastwood Road, St. Annes, Nr Bristol.
HEATON, J., 282, Dill Hall Lane, Church, nr. Accrington, Lancs.
HETHERINGTON, J., 32, Kendal Street, Carlisle.
HOBBS, LENA, 61, Waller Road, New Cross, S.E.
HOLLINGWORTH, S. (Mrs.), 10 George Street,, Ashton-under-L.
HOWARD, E., 9, Kentish Road, Colchester Essex.
JACKSON, T. R., 5, Stannington Grove, Heaton, Newcastle-on-T.
JOANS, M. (Miss) 74, St. Dunstan's Crescent, Worcester.
JONES, B., 50, Rhoddn Road, Wrexham.
LAISTER, A. H., Architect and Surveyor, 3, Nelson St., Rother'm
LANE, O., 39, Broxash Road, Clapham Common.
LEE, W., Liberal Club, Galashiels.
LESLIE, J. P., 164, Reddings Lane, Hall Green, Birmingham.
LEWIS, E. (Mrs.), 122, Churchill Road, Willesden Green, N.W.
LOVEDAY, R. W., 110, Colwyn Road, Northampton.
MANN, J., (Mrs.) 54, Mass Lane, Platt Bridge, nr. Wigan.
MASSEY, W., 295, Alice Street, South Shields.
MASTERS (Mrs.), Manchester House, Whitegate Drive, Blackpool
McLARNON, F., Time Office, Wallsend Shipyard, Wallsend-on-T
MORTON, T., 20, Cowper Avenue, Clitheroe, Lancs.
MORGAN, E., 27, Macfarlane Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.
NEWMAN, M. (Miss), 22, Palamos Rd., Church Rd., Leyton, Essex
NEWTON, R. E., 38, Balmoral Road, Leyton, Essex.
NORLE, J. (Mrs.), 24, Meadow Lane, Alfreton, Derbyshire
OFIELD, B., 70, South Street, Exeter, Devon.
OWEN, H., 62, Charles Street, Cardiff.
PARSONS, H. J. (Cpl.), 1 Room, Horseguards Whitehall, S.W.
PEARE (Mrs.), 18, Lady Lane, Waterford, Ireland.
PEARSON, H., Relief Office, Fulbourne Street, Whitechapel, E.
PEARSON, S., Farnham Park, Bangor, Co. Down.
PHILLIPS, H. V., Victoria, High Road, East Finchley, N.
PIKE, H. A., Upper Richmond Road, East Sheen.
PRENTICE (Mrs.), 29, Leopold Terrace, Chapeltown Road, Leeds.
PRESTON, J., 71, Birmingham Street, Stourbridge, Worcester
REAY, H., Jury's Hotel, Dublin.
ROBERTSON, T. (Mrs.), 1, Chapel Street, Hartlepool, Durham.
RODGERS, F., 7, Brand Street, Marylebone, N.W.
ROWLAND, LUCY, Hazelbury, Whitchurch, Salop.
RUTHERFORD, H., 39, Town Gate, Hepworth, Huddersfield.
RUSSELL, E. W., 7, South Avenue, Rochester, Kent.
RYLANCE, H., Lancashire County Cricket Club, Manchester



The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. J. H. Cornall, newsagent, 206, Lord Street, Fleetwood, from Thursday, November 12th.

A reproduction of the cheque will be shown daily on the screen at the Empress Picturedrome, Lord Street, Fleetwood.

SALIX, L. A. (Miss), Hurstleigh, Reigate Hill, Surrey.
SHEPPARD, W. (Rev.), St. James' Parsonage Lostock Hall, Preston.
SMITH, F., 61, Grenville Street, Stockport.
SMITH, S., 43, Blackhorse Lane, Croydon.
SPALDING, E. (Mrs.), 7, Holmwood Road, Seven Kings.
STOCKMOOR, A., 127, Linwood Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.
SPRINGHOUSE, H., 2, Old Castle Street, Aldgate, E.
SURTEES, W. F., Berrington Cottage, Ancroft, Berwick-on-Tweed.
TEARE, R., 361, Edge Lane, Liverpool.
THOMPSON, A. (Mrs.), 63, Black Bull Lane, Cadley, Preston, Lancs.
THOMPSON, A. G., 188, Frizington Road, Frizington, Cumberland.
THRIFT, A., 23, Red Lane, Coventry.
TOWNSEND, MAUDE, 11, Wingfield Street, Peckham, S.E.
TURSELL G., Ramsford Ave, Chelmsf'd.
TURNER (Miss), 9, Trigon Mansions, Trigon Road, South Lambeth, S.W.
TURNER, E. H., 36, Ringslade Road, Wood Green, N.
WALKER, W., 117, Abbey Road, Barrow-in-Furness.
WATHEN, W., 35, Coronation Terrace, Uphill Drove Road, Weston-super-Mare.
WATKINS, F. D., 51, Millicent Street, Cardiff.
WEBSTER, J., Goss View, Oakbank Road, Perth.
WHEELDON, SUSAN, 52, Brunswick Street, Swansea.
WHITEHEAD, T. G., The Square, Milnthorpe, Westmorland.
WILLIAMS, R., 19, Alexandra Terrace, Newland Road, Hornsey, N.
WITT, S. H., Milton, New Milton, Hants.
WOODWARD, 6, Fisher Yard, Meadow Lane, Leeds.
WYLDE, A., Central Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court Road, London W.C.
YOUNG, C. (Mrs.), 51, Morningside Road, Edinburgh.
YOUDE, A. (Mrs.), Waverton, Chester.

Selection from 200 Prize-Winners of 5s. each.

ABBOTT, T. R., Windsor Castle, Windsor.
ALLEN, W. S., 58, Barnby Gate, Newark
ANSON, C. W., "Story of the Rosary Co.," Theatre, Kingston-on-Thames.
ASHWORTH, M., The Cloud, Congleton.
BAINES, J. (Mrs.), 24, Eardley Road Streatham, S.W.
Bannister, F. (Sgt.), R.E. Headquarters, Springfield, Chelmsford.
BARCLAY, L., 71, Wiltshire Road, Brixton, S.W.
BARLOW, E., 14, Mount Square, Mount Street, Nottingham.
BAYLISS, G. H., 27, Bore Street, Lichfield, Staffs.
BEAUCHAMP, L. (Miss), Elston, Shrewton, Wiltshire.
BEARD (Lieut.), Y.M.C.A. Camp, Agar Nook, Coalville, Leicester.
BEELS, A., 126, Crown Street, New England, Peterborough.
BELCHER, ANNIE, Nurses' Home, Wednesbury, Staffs.
BELLHOUSE, G. R., Fire Officer, Stage Entrance, Newtown Palace, Birmingham
BETTINA, GLADYS, 40, Tenne Street, Tenbury, Worcester.
BILLER, W. (Mrs.), 76, Church Street, Egremont, Cheshire.
BOND, F. W. (Mrs.), Guys Cliff, 80, Benedict Street, Glastonbury.
BOWLES, H. (Mrs.), 38, Elsham Terrace, Burley Hill, Leeds.
BRAY, C., 27, King's Road, Willesden Green, N.W.
BRIDGER, W., G.P.O. Mail Office (No. 4 Mess), R.N. Bks., Sheerness, Kent.
BROUGHAM, E., 36, Eden Street, West Hartlepool.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 2, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, November 19th.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

If you Lived in the Cellar—

If—a big IF—the Germans really *could* get past Sir John Jellicoe—if the Zeppelins were overhead and the 17-inch shells bursting all round you—the cellar would be the best place for you, and it wouldn't matter much how you furnished it.

But thanks to our brave soldiers and sailors you can rest in comfort and safety at home. And thanks to the "Midland" you can have just the beautiful home you have set your heart on.

Now is the time to get them in these days of early closing and early darkness, when warmth and brightness and comfort in your own home are doubly desirable. Come to the "Midland." Choose what you like best out of the £100,000 worth of superb furniture there. You have only to look at the marked prices to realise that

Money buys more at the "Midland."

Nowhere else do you secure the same splendid range of choice, the same sterling value; nowhere else are you offered the "Midland" Ideal Terms, which enable you to pay at your convenience, without touching your capital.

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture.

It contains over 1,000 photographs of furniture actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. It is the finest, most complete and most practical Guide to Furnishing ever issued.

Free Life and Fire Insurance

The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest, no deposit—nothing beyond the plainly marked prices on each article.

Ideal Terms.
Town or Country.

Worth		Per Month.
£10	...	£0 6 0
£20	...	0 11 0
£30	...	0 17 0
£40	...	1 5 0
£50	...	1 8 0
£100	...	2 5 0
£200	...	4 10 0
£500	...	11 8 0

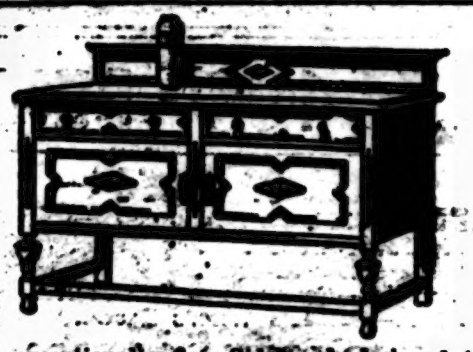
Larger amounts pro rata.

Customers can also obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against fire free.**

Country Orders.

All goods carefully packed free of charge, and forwarded carriage paid.

10% Discount for Cash.



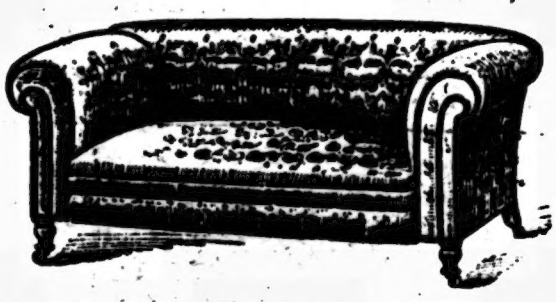
An exceptionally fine Sideboard, designed in the style of the Jacobean period. Soundly constructed of oak, and very carefully finished in every detail. £8 19s. 6d.

Oak Bureau Bookcase, soundly constructed, with leaded light glass doors and fitted with fall front, 3 ft. wide, 7 ft. high, 16 in. deep. £4 15s. 6d.

Well-made Bedroom Suite in oak, handsomely designed. Comprising a commodious Wardrobe with full length bevelled mirror in door, Dressing Chest with bevelled swing mirror, Washstand with marble top and tiled back, complete with two rush-seated Chairs. A typical example of "Midland" value. £6 16s. 6d.

Rail Fares Paid.

If you live outside London, your fare up to London will be refunded to you on all purchases amounting to £20 or over.



Large size Chesterfield, beautifully upholstered and covered in tapestry to customer's choice. With or without drop end. £4 14s. 6d.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL** *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years).*

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